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THE DIFFERENCE.

"If I were a king," he said,
"And you were just a lowly beggar maid,
With my strong hand I'd lift you to my side
And crown you queen; and in the great king's bride
Men would not know
Or would forget the beggar maid."

"If I were queen," she said,
"And you a careless, wandering minstrel,
Strayed to my fair court, I'd set you on the throne;
And being there, the greatest king e'er known,
I would kneel down
And serve you as your maid."

TRIED AS BY FIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED).

THE resolution brightened him, as all good resolutions do, and considering that the colt had had rest enough, he went back to the hotel and ordered him to be brought round.

Then, with a few pleasant words, which, somehow, he always had ready, to the landlord about the beauty of the place, and the comfortable lunch the hotel had given him, he started.

The colt was in excellent spirits, and Blair rode along humming a song and thinking of Margaret—and his dinner.

The color tubes rattled in his pockets, and his bulging pockets banged against his sides, but he didn't mind in the least; he was doing something for his Madge!

By this time—he had not hurried going, and had been a good spell in the pretty town—the sun was setting, and the mass of cloud was rising portentously.

"We shall get wet jackets, my friend," he said, to the colt, and he put him to a quicker pace.

Mindful of the short cut which the men had pointed out in the morning, he rode up the rather steep hill, and without any difficulty found the lane.

It was, as they had said, a narrow lane, between two high banks. There was a tree here and there, and every now and then a gate opening into the field on either side; it was steep, too, and not very easy, and Blair was obliged to go slowly.

"Seems to me," he said to the colt, "that we could move faster going across the down, my friend. Never mind, it's a long lane that has no turning! Jove, here it comes!" he broke off, as a flash of lightning and a clap of thunder burst forth.

The colt began to gallop along a little livelier.

"Steady, old man, you are master, you know; I'm a stranger."

The rain dropped suddenly, in a sheet, as it seemed, and Blair stopped to turn up his coat collar, and see that Margaret's tools were protected by the lappets of his pockets. He had very little objection to getting wet himself, but he meant to carry home the day's spoil to her uninjured, if he could manage it.

At the moment he was fumbling with the reins held loosely in his hand, a shout, a yell was heard behind him.

It was a man's voice presumably; but it was so unearthly, so discordant that even Blair started. As for the colt, he gave one side-way jump, then started off helter-skelter, mad with fright.

"Steady, old man!" said Blair, tightening the rein. "It was a wierd noise, but don't lose your head. Steady!" and he laughed.

But the laugh died on his lips, for, while the horse was still on the bolt, he saw one of the field gates lying right across the narrow road.

Now, at any time, this is a sight which is calculated to make a horseman look and feel serious; because, however slowly the horse may be going, if he is not pulled up in time before he reaches the prostrate gate, his legs will get entangled in the bars, and he must inevitably fall. But when a horse is bolting the situation becomes dangerous and deadly.

To pull him up in time Blair saw would be impossible, even for him. He looked swiftly at the banks on either side, with the idea of turning him up them, but they were too high. There was only one thing to do, and that was to drop off as easily as possible as the horse fell.

Even at that moment Blair found himself wondering how the gate came there. There had been no storm to tear it off its hinges; and even if there had it would have had to be a clever storm to land the gate so precisely across the road.

A moment more and the catastrophe came. The colt's fore feet struck between the top bars, his off hind leg caught the lower, and with a crash and a startled shake of the head, the colt came down all of a heap.

Blair had been ready a moment before, and as the horse fell he managed to get out of the stirrups and roll out of the saddle.

It was nicely and cleanly done, as only a steeplechaser could have done it, and he was on his legs and bending over the horse almost the next instant.

Plunging and kicking, the colt tried to extricate himself from the awful trap, and Blair had coaxed him on his legs, and was leading him out, when he heard a strange noise behind him, and saw a tall form standing on the bank above his head.

At that instant, for the first time, the thought of foul play occurred to him. Grasping the bridle with one hand and the whip with the other, he turned and looked up.

The sky was black as night, but a flash of lightning clove the heavens just then, and by its lurid light he saw the face of Jem Pyke. He thought that he was dreaming. It seemed too incredible. When last he had seen the man he had been at Leyton, where Pyke lived. How could he possibly be here?

He gazed up at him for a second or two, which seemed an age; then he opened his lips to speak, but the thunder roared and blotted out his voice.

With a wild laugh the man glowered down upon him, motionless as Blair himself, then, with a spring, threw himself upon him.

Blair squared his shoulders to meet the shock, but Pyke, though lean, was tall, and his long form, aided by the impetus of his leap, bore Blair to the ground.

There was a terrible struggle, at which the frightened horse stood looking as if it were a horrified human being; then Pyke got his fingers round Blair's throat, and, pressing against it, shook him heavily.

"At last!" he shouted between a hiss and a growl. "At last, mister? I have waited a long time, but it's my turn now, I think! You fine-tongued gentleman, I'll—I'll kill you! You thought I'd forgotten you, eh? You thought I was going to let you go scot free, did you? Ah! you will know me better when I've done with you!"

Blair struggled as hard as he could, but the man's long, bony fingers were like steel, and with a shrug of his shoulders, he felt that his time had come. But even at that moment the old spirit came to the front, and, though he could not speak, he smiled up at the livid face of his assailant.

The smile seemed to madden the man.

"What! you grin, do ye?" he said, between his clenched teeth. "I'll teach you! I'll humble you!"

Then an idea seemed to strike him, and, kneeling on Blair's chest, he said:

"But I'll give you a chance, my lord, even now, curse me if I don't! Say, 'I beg your pardon,' and I'll let you go."

With the intention of giving Blair an opportunity for the apology, his grasp slackened slightly.

It was a small opening, but Blair seized it.

With a tremendous effort he writhed himself free, and grasping Pyke by the forearm, raised himself to his feet, and forced Pyke to his knees.

"You miserable hound!" he said, with his short, curt laugh. "Beg your pardon, you mad fool! I'll teach you to set traps for a horse that is worth ten of you! You put the gate there, did you? Look here, I'll make you carry it back to its place before I've done with you! Ah, and beg my pardon, too, into the bargain!" and with a tremedous force he flung the man backward.

Pyke was on his feet instantly, and the two men confronted each other, not as they had done on Leyton Green, for then Blair's face wore a smile, and there was joy and contentment in his heart, at the prospect of a fair fight, but now he knew that it would be as foul as his companion could possibly make it.

The sky grew blacker; the rain pelted down upon them, but neither of them noticed the weather.

With a bound they sprang at each other, dealing heavy blows, and taking them as if they were feather-down. The result was a foregone one.

Blair had been riding, the man had been walking, and was weakened by passion. His blows grew lighter and slower, his breath came in short, deep gasps; Blair knew that another minute would make him the victor, and, already relenting, he was about to call to Pyke and offer him quarter, when the man, stepping back, pointed beyond Blair and shouted:

"Look! the lady!"

Blair turned. There was only one lady that could rush to his mind, and that was Margaret, and he thought, in the flash of the moment, that she had come to meet him. He turned, and Pyke caught up a heavy stick that lay where he had dropped it at his first spring, and struck Blair an awful blow on the back of the head.

Without a cry he went down face foremost, his arms outstretched, and lay like a figure carved in stone.

Pyke stood over him, looking down at him with livid face and panting breath.

There was a pause in the storm at that moment, as if the wind and the rain had stopped to look on; then the elements resumed their warfare, and a flash of lightning played around the prostrate man's head.

Pyke went down on his knees, and with trembling hands turned the motionless form on its back, and peered at it.

Then he started back with an oath.

"I've done for him!" he muttered. "He is as dead as a herring! Curse him, it serves him right!" he ground out, and he raised his foot, but withheld the kick as a thought—the thought of self-preservation—came to him. "Looks ugly!" he muttered, "cursed ugly. There's more trouble in this than I thought on!"

He looked up and down the lane and across the hedge, with the keen, fearful face of a man who already hears the pursuers, then buttoning his wet coat round him, and giving a parting glance at the still form, began to run—like Cain.

He went in the direction of Lee, and was so absorbed in the one idea of flight, that a dark object which stood beside the hedge just before him made him spring aside and almost shout with fear.

But it was only the colt, which, frightened by the storm, and disheartened by the rain, was cowering under the lee of the hedge.

Pyke was hurrying by it, when he pulled up suddenly, and struck his leg as if welcoming an inspiration.

"Dang it!" he cried exultingly, "that's the game. Woa, horse, woa, horse," and he crept slowly up to the colt.

The animal was far too cowed to attempt flight, and Pyke got hold of the bridle easily. But he did not mount. Instead, he unfastened one stirrup and struck the colt with it. The horse, maddened by fear, started and shook, then tore down the lane at breakneck pace.

Pyke waited a moment listening to the clatter of its hoofs mingling with the rain and the thunder, then quickly retraced his steps and returned to Blair.

He still lay where his assailant had left him. Pyke knelt down and thrust one unresisting foot into the stirrup, then he dragged the body for a few yards along the wet road and left it lying upon its back, leaped over the hedge and fled. But once more he came back, and lifting the gate replaced it on its hinges and fastened it.

* * * * * *

Mr. Ambrose was spending a very unpleasant evening. It sounds as if it would be a very nice thing to play with one's fellow creatures as if they were puppets—to pull the wires which govern their actions, and to make them dance to one's piping; but the wire puller has sometimes a very uncomfortable time of it.

Mr. Austin Ambrose had up to the present found his puppets very obedient to the pulling of the wires. He had got Lord Blair and Margaret secretly married, he had hidden them away at Appleford; his puppet Lottie had played her part admirably, and Margaret was fully convinced she had been betrayed and ruined by the man she loved.

So far so well, but still Austin was uncomfortable. He had left Margaret to herself, knowing that if so left she would be more likely to carry out his desire and fly, than if he remained with her.

But he did not mean to lose sight of her; it was his intention to travel by the same train if possible, and to track her, unseen himself, to her place of refuge.

So he went and placed himself on the road leading to the station, and lighting a cigarette, waited as patiently as he could.

Hour passed after hour, and still she did not come. Then the clouds rose, and the sky grew murky, and presently the storm broke.

Mr. Ambrose did not like getting wet. He was as sleek and careful of his fur as a cat, and to stand in the drenching rain waiting for the maddened girl made him very ill-tempered and almost irritable.

"Confound women!" he muttered, trying in vain to light the last of his cigarettes; "you can never count upon them. I would have sworn that she would have made for the station; and yet she hasn't. She's waiting to see Blair, after all! Well, I'll go and see. There'll be a scene presently, if she remains, and I hate a scene!"

With his coat collar turned up he climbed to the cottage and knocked.

There was no answer, and after waiting and knocking again, he opened the door.

To his amazement the cottage seemed deserted. He was calling Mrs. Day impatiently, when a woman came running with an apron over her head from the neighboring cottage.

"Mrs. Day's out, sir. She's gone down to the beach," she said, in answer to his inquiries, "and I've got the children with

me. It's lonely for 'em here, and such a storm raging."

"But—but Mrs. Stanley?" he said quickly; "she's in, is she not?"

The woman stared at him.

"Mrs. Stanley, sir—the lady, sir? Oh, no; she went out hours ago."

"Nonsense!" he said roughly. "I beg your pardon; I mean that it is impossible that she should be out in this storm!"

"Yes, but she is, sir. I saw her go down the path in the afternoon with her mackintosh on her arm. I think she went to meet her good gentleman."

Austin started, and his face flushed.

If she had, and they had met before—well, before something that he hoped had happened!—all his plans, all his deeply and skilfully laid plots would be smashed and pulverised.

He turned his back to the woman, that she might not see his face.

"I—I think she must be in the house still," he said, with a sudden hope; "she may have come back, you know."

"She may, but I don't think she could without my seeing her. Howsomever, it's easy to find out."

And she lit a candle and went up the stairs, calling respectfully, "Mrs. Stanley, are you in, ma'am?" while Austin listened intently.

In a minute or two she came down.

"No, sir; she's not in the house. I'm afraid the poor lady's in the storm; leastways, unless she's taken shelter."

Austin caught up his hat.

"If she should come in before I return," he said hurriedly, "ask her to wait till I see her and speak with her. Do you hear? Do not let her go. You understand!"

The woman, frightened by his pallor and sternness, dropped a curtsey and he rushed out and down the path.

CHAPTER XX.

IF Margaret had gone down the road to Ilfracombe, and had met Blair! His heart almost ceased beating at the thought. She would meet Blair, and, he knew too well, frustrate the elaborate plot and ruin the plotter.

He gained the entrance of the road to 'Combe; two or three men were standing under the shelter of a shed, with their tools beside them.

"Have you been working here—in the fields?" he inquired.

"Yes, master, and we be drenched, we be!" said one.

"Have you seen a lady—a lady with a veil—come by this way—to Ilfracombe, I mean?" he said, trying to steady his voice. "I am afraid she has got caught in the storm."

The men shook their heads.

"No," said the one who had spoken first; "no one has been along this road 'cepting the gentleman who rode Farmer James' colt this morning."

"I know—I mean I don't know," said Austin, catching himself up. "Are you sure?"

"Sure and sartain!" said another man. "We've been working in sight of the road all day, and she couldn't a' passed without our seeing her. Have you got a bit of 'baccy, your honor?"

He tossed them a shilling and hurried back. It was just possible that she may have gone to the station by another road than that which he had watched. Fighting his way against the wind and rain, he reached the station.

From one and another of the porters he inquired if she had been seen, and the answer was the same. No lady answering to Margaret's description had reached the station. Half wild with impatience and fear—not for her, by any means, certainly not; but for himself!—he returned again to the beach.

As he did so, he saw a gang of fishermen and sailors standing under the lee of a rock, and peering out to sea.

They did not hear him approach, and, in his noiseless fashion, he got close up to them and within hearing unnoticed.

"No boat could put out from the beach man," said the old man with whom Margaret had spoken that morning. "We've tried it with the best of them, the 'Lass' and the 'Speedwell,' and it ain't no manner o' use. 'Sides, wher's the good, the tide have swept over the rock an hour agone!"

"And you're sure you seed her?" asked a man.

"Do 'ee think I've gone silly all in a moment?" retorted the old fellow pettishly. "I tell 'ee I seed her on the top, half a-sitting and half a-lying. I did think as I'd get up and go to her, but I'd warned her in the morning, this very blessed morning; and the missus come and called me in to tea, and—bla'-me if I didn't forget her."

"Oh, she's lost! She's drowned, as sure as a gun! Well, sakes a mercy; but it's a pity."

"We've all got to die," remarked a man philosophically; "and most on us dies by drownding; but then we're used to it, which makes all the difference."

Austin pushed his way into their midst, startling them not a little.

"Of whom are you talking?" he asked, and his voice sounded harsh and stern.

The old man touched his forehead, and puffed at his pipe.

"It's the poor young lady at Mrs. Day's your honor," he said; "she's been and got washed off the Long Rock——"

Austin Ambrose put his hand up with a strange gesture, as if to stop him and his face grew livid.

"What?" he cried hoarsely. "You say—oh, impossible?"

The old man shook his head.

"It's the possiblest thing as can be," he said grimly. "Seed her there myself, and I thought she'd gone look to at the tide. I never thought as she'd stop there, after the warning I give her. I told her about the lady and gentleman as was lost there two year agone," he added to the others.

Austin Ambrose rushed out to the rocks and stared before him like a man dazed. Then he sprang to his feet.

"I'll give any man twenty pounds who will launch a boat and search for her!" he cried hoarsely.

There was a profound silence. Then the old fisherman said grimly.

"Twenty pun ain't much for a man's life, your honor."

"I will give fifty—a hundred!" he cried desperately.

"Bless your honor's heart," said the old man, slowly, "no boat could live in this—that is, near the beach—it might in the open! It's to be hoped 'twill, for Day's out," he said, significantly. "For, your honor, a thousand pounds wouldn't tempt us; besides, it's too late, too late! The poor lady is drifting out to the sands, and the last's been seen of her or ever will be seen on this earth!"

Austin Ambrose uttered a cry, an awful cry. They who heard it thought that it was that of sorrowing friend or relative; but the cry was one of pity for himself and all his shattered hopes.

After all his cleverness, his deep laid schemes and restless toil, he had been foiled—and by the woman he had fooled and deceived!

It was maddening. And indeed as he reeled away from the group he looked like a man demented.

Suddenly he heard a shout and staggered back.

A man came running towards them with something in his hand. He held the wet and dripping articles on high and surveyed his companion's gravely.

"The old un's right," he said slowly. "Here be the poor lady's cape and hat!"

Austin Ambrose tore them from the man's hand.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," came a grave chorus. "We've see'd her wear them, times and again. They're here and she's lost."

Austin Ambrose walked away with the hat and cape in his hands.

At the back of the beach, on the quay, was a small inn, through whose red curtains the light shone cheerily.

He pushed open the door and entered with unsteady gait. The little place was full of sailors and fishermen, all talking about the sad event, and recalling the similar fatality of two years ago. As he entered they became silent.

"Give me some of your brandy!" he said hoarsely.

The landlady mixed him a glass of hot brandy and water; and he took it in both hands and drank it; then he sank to a seat, and with tightly compressed lips stared at the floor.

For the time he was unconscious of the others, deaf to their voices which rose again in a hushed tone.

"It's the awfullest night," said one, "the awfullest! The poor gentleman's out in it, too! Farmer James have gone down the road to look for him. He's afeared the colt will be skeared by the lightning."

"Ah," said another; "not come back yet, poor gentleman? What a terrible story 'twill be to tell him. They beant long been mated have they?"

"Hush!" said a warning whisper and the speaker nodded towards the crouching figure. "Her brother, most like!" he added in a whisper. "He's took all aback, poor fellow!"

There was silence again, then they commenced to talk again and still Austin Ambrose sat still and motionless.

Suddenly the door was flung open, and a short, active-looking man dashed in.

"Why, Farmer James," cried one or two, "what's amiss, man?"

"Give me time!" panted the farmer. "It's a night o' bad news, boys! The colt's come home—without him!"

The men sprang to their feet, and looked at the speaker aghast!

"Without the gentleman, farmer?"

"Aye," he said solemnly wiping the perspiration from his face. "I met the colt tearing down the road to the stable with the saddle empty. A lantern, missis, quick. Who'll lend a hand, boys?"

One and all turned out and proceeded at something between a trot and a run into the road.

At a little distance the colt stood wet and trembling, held by a boy. They paused a moment to stare at it and then they passed on.

Austin Ambrose, uninvited by them, joined the group and ran with them.

They stopped a moment where the two roads joined, the one Blair had taken in the morning, the other he was returning by in the evening.

"Let's divide," said a man; but the farmer stooped down and examined the roadway.

"No occasion," he said; "here's the colt's hoof-marks. This is the road she come!"

Hurrying along they climbed the narrow lane, and the foremost, a lad carrying the lantern, stopped with a cry at the motionless form lying in the road.

There was a hush as the men crowded around. The farmer knelt down and examined it for a moment, then he looked up.

"I'm afeared he's dead," he said in a grave tone.

"Is—is it foul play do 'ee think, Farmer James?" inquired one of them.

"Foul play!" the words ran round. "Why do 'ee say that?"

The man, a small, sharp-eyed old fellow, pointed to the road.

"Looks as if there'd been a struggle," he said. "But no matter now. Take that gate off its hinges, lads, and put him on it. We will carry him down to the Holme."

The gate was torn off its hinges—how little they guessed that it was not for the first time that night!—and some coats laid upon it; then they stooped to raise poor Blair on the litter.

As they did so Austin Ambrose slid forward.

At the sound of the words "foul play" he was aroused. All was lost: Blair was dead, all his toil and ingenuity thrown away! But if these rustics were suspicious it was time to think of his own safety.

"Let me see," he said in a low voice. "He—he is a friend of mine. Who said 'foul play?' If I thought so—but no! Look!" and he pointed to the stirrup through which the foot was thrust, "My poor friend was thrown from the saddle; and the mare bolted and she must have dragged him. His foot is still in the stirrup!"

"That's true!" said one. "Ah, if that stirrup leather had slipped out a little sooner——"

Almost in silence they carried him down to the small farm called the Holme, and the good-hearted people aroused from their beds did their best for him.

In a short time he was undressed and put to bed.

Austin, calm and possessed, but very sorrowful showed the affliction of a brother.

"I am afraid it is all over!" he said, as they gathered round the bed and looked at the handsome face and stalwart form, which many of them had seen depart in the morning so full of life and happiness.

After a time the doctor came. He was an old man, who had worn himself out in the hard practice of a wild country side. Accidents were his daily experience, and he fell to work in the cool, business-like way acquired by custom.

White and breathless, Austin, who had been permitted to remain during the examination, waited for the verdict. It came at last.

"He is not dead," said the old doctor gravely, "and that's about all that can be said. It was a terrible blow!"

Austin's lips contracted, and his eyes sought the old man's weather-beaten face keenly.

"A blow, doctor?" he said gravely.

"Yes," was the reply; "he was struck on the back of the head, sir."

Austin uttered an exclamation.

"Oh, impossible, doctor!" he said. "Who should do such a thing? My poor friend had not an enemy in the world."

"Plunder?" said the old man questioningly.

Austin shook his head.

"His purse, watch, jewelry, even the things he purchased at Ilfracombe, are untouched. Besides, we found him lying, his foot still tangled in the stirrup as you have heard."

"Humph!" said the doctor, still at work with restoratives. "Well, he must have fallen on the back of his head, but"—he looked puzzled and frowned thoughtfully "but it's very strange. If I hadn't known what you have just told me, I should say that he had been struck, and that, if he should die, the coroner's verdict would have to be 'Wilful Murder!'"

Austin's lips twitched, but he shook his head and sighed.

"Thank Heaven that I have no such suspicion—it would be too dreadful! No, my poor friend was thrown and dragged by the frightened horse. It is, alas! too common an accident."

"Yes, yes, just so," said the doctor. "It is a pity, a thousand pities, for he is a splendid fellow," and he looked with sad admiration on the stalwart form. "What is his name?"

Austin hesitated a moment.

"His name is Stanley. He is a very dear friend of mine," he added, "and only recently married."

The old doctor started.

"You don't mean to say that he's the husband of the unfortunate young girl who was drowned off Long Rock this morning?"

Austin nodded, the doctor sighed.

"Well, sir, I'll do my best to bring him back to life; but it will be cruel kindness, I fear, under the circumstances. Poor young fellow! But if he should die he will be spared the misery awaiting him!"

"You—you think there is no hope of her escape?" faltered Austin.

The doctor shook his head.

"There may be some faint hope for him," he said, pointing to the bed; "but for her there is none, none whatever. She was seen on the rocks; they tell me that her cape and hat have been found washed ashore. No; if he should die they will not be long apart. But you look worn out, sir. You had better get some rest."

Austin shook his head.

"I will not go until——" and he stopped significantly.

For the remainder of the night they watched beside the still form. Life was in yet, beating faintly, like a flickering lamp; but the dawn came, and Blair still hovered between the shores of the River of Death.

The morning passed. The whole village was in a state of excitement over the two accidents; that they should have happened on the same day, and to man and wife, seemed phenomenal, and every one of the inns drove a roaring trade with the crowds of excited men.

There was the chance, too, of another fatality, for the Days' boat had disappeared, and it was rumored that she had gone down in the storm.

Towards evening, however, the crowd collected on the beach, for the boat had been sighted.

Austin had left Blair for a short rest, but he could neither sleep nor remain quiet, and his restless feet had dragged him to Appleford.

He stood just on the edge of the crowd, watching the boat with lack lustre eyes that shone dully in his pallid face.

There was a rush and a cheer as the boat came in, and two or three men ran out into the water—it was smiling calmly enough now—to haul her in, but as her keel grated on the beach, Day held up his hand.

"Don't cheer, lads," he said gravely; "I have bad news."

"Aye, aye, we can guess, James," said a voice, "you've seen the poor lady!"

Day started and glanced at his wife, who sat in the stern, her shawl to her eyes.

"Tell 'em, you," he said in a whisper.

She raised her head.

"Yes," she said, with a sob, "I've seen the poor lady. We saw her on the rocks, almost at the last moment."

"And you couldn't get near?" said one.

She looked round.

"Do you think we'd be here without her if there'd been half a chance?" she said reproachfully.

"Aye, aye!" said the old boatswain. "Well, well, that settles it, and that's some'at of a comfort! The poor soul's gone! Don't 'ee cry, missis!" he added as he helped her out of the boat.

It so happened that as she stepped on the beach she was near Austin Ambrose.

He had been listening in a kind of stupor, his eyes wandering from Mrs. Day's face to her husband's.

At the moment of her landing, he was so near that her arm touched his.

As it did so his eyes fell upon the shawl which she had been pressing to her eyes.

The sun was shining full on it, and in

the dull vague fashion peculiar to his frame of mind, his eye was following the pattern.

Suddenly he started, and a light shone in his eyes.

"Let me help you!" he said, and gently but firmly he laid his hand upon her arm covered by the shawl.

And, as he did so, the light gleamed still more brightly in his face, for he discovered that the shawl with which she had been wiping away her tears—was dry!

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. AMBROSE walked back to Lee with a step that had regained its usual elasticity, and with hope again beaming in his eyes.

Few men would have been sharp enough to notice, in the midst of such excitement, so trivial a fact that Mrs. Day's shawl was dry; but Mr. Ambrose was not an ordinary man, and in an instant his acute brain was hard at work.

If Mrs. Day had been out in the boat all night, as she would have them believe, then her shawl would have been still wet; but as it was dry, then Mrs. Day must have been somewhere to dry it, and Austin felt, with that kind of conviction which is more a matter of faith than reason, that Margaret had been with her.

He felt as certain as that he was walking along the road that the Days had rescued Margaret from the rock, and had taken her to some place of safety, and that for some reason, best known to themselves, the Days agreed to conceal the fact, and lead the public to believe that Margaret had perished.

"That woman wasn't crying," he muttered to himself as he walked along; "her eyes were as dry as her shawl! No! Margaret is in hiding somewhere, and those Days know where. Now, if Blair will only kindly pull around I am all right again."

When in the Holme, he learned that Mr. Stanley was still unconscious, and that there had been no change in his condition.

"Get some one from London," he said to the old doctor with an energy which surprised him. "Get the best man—the very best; we must save him!"

"You can send for Sir Astley," said the doctor quietly; "but if we send for the whole college of physicians, they can do no more than we are doing. It is concussion of the brain, and the poor fellow's magnificent constitution will fight for him more effectually than we can. He shall have every attention, trust me."

Austin Ambrose acquiesced. Sir Astley might have seen Blair, and recognize him, and, in any case, might talk about the affair when he got back to London, and cause inquiries to be made.

So the days wore on. No man could have received more attention than Blair got at the hands of the old doctor, whose interest in the case increased as it became more critical.

Austin, too, watched over him, as the people of the house declared, "like his own brother!"

The case still puzzled the doctor, and he went one day and looked at the spot where Blair had been found; but the feet of the people who had searched for him had blotted out the impression of the struggle between Pyke and Blair, and there was no trace left of the murderous assault.

Chance had worked hard in Austin's behalf, and, if Blair should only recover, all might yet go well with his plans.

On the eighth day, towards evening, the doctor, who had been bending over the bed with his fingers on Blair's pulse, looked up suddenly, and motioned to Austin and the nurse.

"Shut out the light," he said, in a low voice.

They drew the window curtains, and Austin stepped up on tip-toe.

"Is—is he coming to?" he asked breathlessly.

The doctor nodded.

"I think so. Let no one speak to him but me."

They waited, and presently Blair opened his eyes and looked round with dazed inquiry.

"Margaret!" he said.

The doctor held up his hand warningly to the others.

"Madge! Where are you?" he said again, almost inaudibly.

"Your wife cannot come to you at present," replied the doctor quietly. "Do not speak just yet."

"Where am I? Have I been ill?" Blair inquired, knitting his brows, as if trying to remember. "Ah, yes; the horse! Is the horse all right?"

"The horse is all right," said the doctor. "I will tell you all about it after you have had a good sleep. You have been very ill, and will be worse if you do not sleep."

"All right," he said, with a sigh. "Margaret, my wife, is asleep, I suppose? Have I been ill long? Don't wake her, or distress her; I shall be all right. Stop!" he exclaimed; "the paints and things, they are in my pockets, and the easel will be sent on to-day. Give them to her! I hope they haven't come to harm!"

"They are all safe," said the doctor soothingly.

"I'm glad," said Blair, with another sigh; "and the horse is all right? Well, it's not so bad! I thought he had settled me, confound him!"

The doctor thought he referred to the colt, but Austin's cheek paled.

He stepped forward noiselessly.

"I am here, Blair," he murmured softly. "Take the doctor's advice, and don't talk yet."

"You, Austin, old fellow!" exclaimed Blair, trying to hold out his hand. "Why, how did you hear of it? To come the same night! That's kind! But how did you get here? and Madge—have you seen Madge? Don't let her be frightened, Austin; I shall be up in an hour or two. Tell her—no, don't tell her anything; leave it to me."

"Very well," said Austin; "and now get some sleep, old fellow! I sha'n't say another word."

Blair closed his eyes, and presently the doctor looked up and nodded.

"He is asleep, and is saved, please Heaven!" he said gravely.

All that Austin had accomplished was as nothing to the task that loomed up before him.

The time must come when Blair would ask for Margaret and insist upon seeing her.

Many men would have shrunk from such an ordeal, but Austin was not the man to allow sentiment, as he would have called it, to interpose between him and a long cherished design; so that when, on awakening from the deep sleep which saved his life, Blair asked, "Where is Margaret?" Austin was prepared.

"Blair," he said, laying his hand on the sick man's, "are you strong enough to hear what I have to tell you? I trust so, for I cannot keep it from you."

"Keep it from me! What is it?" Blair demanded, trying to raise himself. "Is it anything to do with Madge? No, it can't be, of course. But why doesn't she come? Ah, I see—give me a minute, Austin!" and he turned his head away. "My accident has frightened her, and she is ill!"

"Yes, she is ill!" said Austin, watching him closely. "Blair, for Heaven's sake be brave, be calm!"

"What is it? You haven't told me all!" he exclaimed. "Don't turn your face away; tell me! Anything is better than suspense! Let me go to her—bring her to me! She can't be so ill——" he paused breathlessly.

Austin laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Blair, dear, dear Blair," he murmured; "she cannot come to you; you cannot go to her. She has been very ill—Blair, your wife is dead!"

The sick man looked at him and smiled.

"That's a pretty kind of a joke to play upon a man lying on his back!" he said. "Go and bring her and we will laugh at it together—perhaps she'll see the fun in it; I don't!"

Then, as Austin remained silent, Blair looked from him to the doctor, who had entered—an awful look of anguished, fearful scrutiny.

"I'm—I'm dreaming; that's what it is," he muttered. "Madge—don't leave me! Take hold of my hand. I—I dreamt somebody had told me you were dead! Don't cry, dear. It's I who was nearly dead, not you; and I'm all right now. Did you find the painting things? They are all right, are they? I told Austin—I told——" he stopped short suddenly, and uttered a cry, a heartrending cry, and raised himself so that he could see Austin Ambrose's face. "I'm not asleep," he moaned; "I am awake. And you are there—and you have just told me. Dead! Dead! Austin—don't—keep—it from me! Tell me all. Look, I'll be quiet. I won't utter a sound. Doctor! for Heaven's sake make him tell me!"

The doctor turned his face away. It was wet with tears; there was not a tear in Austin's eyes.

"Shall I tell him—or wait?" he whispered to the doctor.

The doctor nodded.

"Better now than later; the shock will be less now he is weak. Poor fellow! poor fellow!"

Austin Ambrose bent down, and in a few words, scarcely audible, told the story.

He said nothing of the visitor who had come, nothing of Margaret's anguish. According as he told it, Margaret had strayed down to the rock and remained there too long, until the tidal wave had caught her and washed her out to the sea.

Blair listened, his face pallid as that of death, his wide eyes fixed gleamingly on the speaker's face, his hands clutching the quilt.

Every now and then his lids moved as if he were repeating the words as they dropped cautiously from Austin's lips, and when he had finished he still leant upon his arm and looked upon Austin with horror and despair.

Then, without a cry, he sank back upon his pillow and closed his eyes.

"He has swooned," said Austin. "It was too soon!"

The doctor shook his head.

"Better now than latter."

After a moment or two Blair opened his eyes.

"Have you told me all?" he demanded, and there was something in the tone and the wild glare of his eye smote Austin and made him quail.

"Yes," he said after a second pause, "everything has been done Blair. Everything. I think you will know that without my saying it. There is no hope—there was none from the first! She was not seen after the tide reached her—she will not be seen again. Blair you will play the man for—for all our sakes!" and he touched the hot hand clutching the quilt.

Blair looked at him and withdrew his hand; they saw his lips move once or twice and guessed whose name they formed and then he spoke.

"Austin did you ever pray?" It was a strange, a solemn question, "If so, pray now, pray that I may die!"

Over the weeks that followed it may be well to draw a veil; enough that during them the strong man hovered between life and death, at times raving madly and calling upon the woman he had loved and lost, at others lying in a stupor which was Death's twin sister.

Nothing but a constitution of iron could have come through such an ordeal, but at last, the mere shadow of his former self, he grew strong enough to crawl into the little garden in front of the house.

Then the doctor's opinion proved to be a true one. Physical suffering had weakened the effect of the mental blow, and to the feeble man, lying back panting in his chair, the happy hours he had spent with Margaret and the awful story of her death seemed like a dream.

Austin had remained with him, watching as closely as before, but Margaret's name had passed the lips of neither of them.

As soon as he was able to walk with the aid of a stick, Blair got out of the house unnoticed and made his way to Appleford.

Pale and trembling he stood on the beach and looked at the rocks where Margaret had been seen—looked until his eyes grew dim, and then he crawled back to the cottage.

"You have been to Appleford?" said Austin who had watched him.

Blair lifted his heavy eyes.

"Yes, I have been to Appleford," he said, in a hollow voice. "I have seen the last——"

He stopped, and his breath came and went in quick gasps. After a short pause he continued:

"Austin, while I live, my poor darling will be with me in my thoughts, but—but never speak her name to me. Never! I—I could not bear it!"

"Yes!" murmured Austin sympathetically. "I understand. You will fight your sorrow like a man, Blair. Time—Time, the great healer—will close over even so great a wound as yours, and you will be able to speak of her, poor girl."

Blair looked before him with lack lustre eyes.

"Do you think that a man who had been thrust out of Heaven could ever learn to forget the happiness he had lost?" he said, in a low voice. "While life lasts I shall remember her, shall long to go to her! That is enough," he added sternly; "we will never speak of her again!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IT WAS said of Hannah More that when she was told a tale against another of her village, her reply usually was, "Come, we will go and ask if that be true." The effect was something wonderful. The tale-bearer would begin to say, "Well, perhaps there might have been a mistake," and to beg that no notice be taken of the matter. But not the good lady would go there and then, taking the scandal-monger with her, to make inquiry and compare accounts. If all tale-bearers could be treated in this way how few tales would be told!

Bric-a-Brac.

SNARING WOODCOCK.—The peasant of the Roman Campagna has a very simple method for snaring woodcock. He ties a bell to his waist-belt at night, and, net in hand, sets out for his work. Now you must know that the cattle which graze on the marshes also carry bells, and the birds in time become quite used to their tinkling. And so the peasant has an easy task of it as he walks along. The woodcocks make no attempt to fly off, and when he is near enough he puts his net over a bird as it sits on the ground. The darkness of night is a great help to him.

A STRANGE MEMENTO.—In October 1871 a terrible fire laid the town of Chicago in ruins. Nearly 18,000 houses were burned, 250 lives were lost, and property to the value of $400,000,000 was destroyed. In Booksellers' Row the only relic of one million books was the charred leaf of a Bible. On it was printed the first chapter of "Lamentations," containing these words among others—"How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people, how is she become as a widow? She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks"—a touching memorial of the dreadful October disaster.

FIRE TOWERS.—The same precautions against fire are taken in Moscow and St. Petersburg to-day that were in use a century ago. Scores of fire towers are everywhere seen. They run up about 75 to 100 feet, are built like a lighthouse, with winding stairway, and have a platform all around at the top, where the watchman patrols day and night. If a fire is discovered a signal is given and the fire department turns out. It was only recently that St. Petersburg, the capital, with hundreds of millions of Government property, secured a steam fire engine, and that is a poor old-fashioned affair. The hand engine does service there yet, and in most other cities of the empire.

THE HADDOCK.—The traditions of fishermen explain the black marks on the haddock in the following manner: "The Evil Spirit, in one of his mischievous pranks, determined to build a bridge for the destruction of ships. In the progress of his work he accidentally let his hammer fall into the sea, and being in haste to grab it back, caught a haddock instead, and thereby made the imprint retained by this fish to the present day." Another well-known legend says they are the marks left by the finger and thumb of St. Peter when he opened the fish's mouth to take out the piece of money to pay the Temple tax.

OLD FABLES.—The absurdest discoveries are recorded in the writings of the middle ages. The unicorn is placed in the list of the animal kingdom; to catch it, a young virgin must be employed, because she is the emblem of purity. The ostrich is said to hatch her eggs by the heat of her looks. Rigord relates that after the taking of Jerusalem by Saladin, children ceased to have more than twenty two teeth; and the chronicle of St. Dennis informs us that the death of Philip Augustus was announced by a comet. Some chroniclers tell us, with perfect simplicity, that the sun passes the night in lighting up Purgatory; that the earth is sustained by stones, the stones by the Four Evangelists, and they by the fire of the Spirit. The universe was compared to an egg; the earth is the yolk, the water the white, and the air the shell.

VEGETABLE BEEFSTEAK.—The vegetable beefsteak, a fungus which resembles a great red tongue protruding from tree stems when once known can never be mistaken for any other species. When young it is a dull, pale purplish red, but becomes more red, and passes through brown to black as it decays; the underside is a cream color with minute red points, occasionally becoming yellowish red as it grows. It generally confines itself to old and often prostrate oaks; but in Epping Forest, England, it is not uncommon on the beech, and it has been observed on the chestnut, walnut and willow and other trees. Although such a large fungus, frequently weighing from four to six pounds, its growth is very rapid, soon appearing and again disappearing on ancient trunks in the autumn. When cut, broken or bruised it distils a copious juice like beef gravy. There is a very slight acid flavor in the fungus when cooked, which adds considerable piquancy to the dish: it is extremely tender, succulent and juicy, and resembles tender steak or tongue in a remarkable manner.

Behavoir is a mirror in which every one shows his image.

A BELOVED PICTURE.

BY SUSANNA J.

Clear pictured face that looks upon me now
What grave regard, my heart hath learned to prize
The light of inspiration on thy brow,
The calm celestial beauty of thine eyes.

And, when my soul doth feel itself oppressed
And friendless in an hour of bitter need
With Life's mysterious burden of unrest,
By thee my spirit is from bondage freed.

For thou hast lived—it hath been thine to know
All that I feel; and, living, thou couldst wear
That look of peace whose pure and tranquil glow
Is all unshadowed by earth's wrong and care.

I look upon thee, and a strange excess
Of gladness doth within my soul awake;
From darkness shines the light of happiness,
From silence comes the music angels make.

And all my days are gladdened by sweet dreams
That I shall know thee when this life is o'er,
O face beloved, whose radiant beauty seems
With steadfast gaze to haunt me evermore!

For Love or Duty.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS MONEY AND HIS LOVE," "DOLLY'S DISAPPOINTMENT," "KING OR PRINCE?" ETC., ETC."

CHAPTER XIII.

SIR EVELYN and Lady Lovelace are back again at Tenham. Captain Blakey has left the Army, and taken up his new position as master of Compton Cheney, after undergoing a great amount of hero-worship, and is now quite settled down with his wife and child, as happy and light-hearted a young husband as ever trod the earth, though he continually and gratefully remembers the kind-hearted, though stern, old man to whom he owes his present prosperity.

As for Edith, she is too wise not to know when the day is lost, and her husband is never allowed to guess what a large amount of unhappiness she has contributed to her cousin's life.

For the first few days after Captain Blakey's return Juliet was happier; the excitement of his arrival in such circumstances, and the intelligence which he imparted concerning her husband's feelings towards her, had a very happy effect upon her spirits; but now, as she finds that Sir Evelyn still preserves his impenetrable iciness of manner towards her, and by no word or look of his gives her occasion to imagine that he ever even thinks of her, the old dejection creeps over her again, and she begins once more to sit by herself and brood over her wasted life.

She remembers that the time Randal spoke of—when she dropped the bow from her dress—coincided with that which her husband had mentioned in his letter to the old Colonel, when that brief passion for her had swept over him—roused, no doubt, by pique at Edith's indifference—so that whatever he felt and did then is nothing to her now, since he does not care for her.

"Aubrey St. John is at Compton," announces Lovelace, one bright morning in early summer, scattering all her sorrowful thoughts. "Your cousin Edith wants to go down there to dinner this evening."

"This evening? Is there a party?"

"Oh, no, not that I know of! I suppose she thought you would like to meet St. John."

He looks at her almost sullenly as he says this; but she is gazing out of the window, and does not see his glance.

"Aren't you going?" she asks presently.

"No," he replies; "I am already engaged to dine with Bentham. Besides ——"

"He does not care to go to Compton now that Randal has come home," she thinks resentfully.

"Well, are you going, Juliet?"

"I suppose so. I have no reason for refusing."

"Of course not. Then I will order the carriage for you."

Early in the evening Juliet drives off to Compton, and her husband rides away on his black horse in the opposite direction.

She finds no one at Compton besides her host and hostess and her cousin Aubrey, who meets and greets her with a quiet friendliness which is very welcome to her weary spirit.

She likes to talk to Aubrey: they were always good friends, and they have many interests in common.

The young fellow is very grave and self-possessed, but there are faint lines of care beginning to reveal themselves on his brow and round his lips.

He does not flinch at meeting Juliet, though he feels that Edith's eyes are upon him as she enters the room; nor does his hand tremble in the slightest degree as it clasps hers. He has all the firmness and courage of a St. John.

Directly the two gentlemen enter the drawing-room after dinner Edith rises from her low chair and goes towards her husband.

"I have been waiting for you, Randal," she says. "Let us go to the nursery, and see how dear baby is, and if he is comfortably settled."

"Oh, yes!" he answers brightly, his face aglow with pleasure at his wife's unusual thought for their child.

It is only Edith's delicacy, he reflects, that makes her sometimes appear a little cold or careless—she is not really so—far from it!

"I am sure Juliet and Aubrey will not mind being left for a few minutes," she says, smiling graciously upon her two guests. "They are such old friends, they can well entertain each other."

Aubrey bows gravely, but makes no verbal answer.

"Oh, no; we shall not mind!" answers Juliet. "Kiss little Randal for me, Edith."

She would have proposed to accompany them, only she wishes to speak to Aubrey on a particular subject, besides which she thinks that the husband and wife may prefer to go alone to look at their child.

"That woman is a snake in the grass!" says Aubrey, almost before she is out of hearing.

"Why, Aubrey!" exclaims Juliet, looking up in astonishment at his suddenly wrathful face.

"Juliet, I can see to the very bottom of her false heart. She leaves us together now in order that she may tell your husband how we appeared to enjoy our nice little chat, and that really she hadn't the heart to interrupt us. Some nonsense of that kind, you may be sure, she will tell him."

"Why, Aubrey, whatever makes you speak like that?"

"Juliet, it is patent to my eyes that she persists in affecting to look upon you and me as old lovers separated by an unlucky accident, and therefore to be pitied and made allowance for. She will persist in this until you lose every chance of winning your husband's heart, unless you take steps to prevent her. You know best what can be said or done."

"I told her," she answers, in low and faltering tones, "before we were married, that I did not love any one; that if I had loved any one I could not do what I was then preparing to do."

"Then she is the more culpable."

He stands by a side-table, absently turning over the knick-knacks with which it is strewed, his face very stern and troubled.

"I cannot bear to see it, Juliet," he continues presently. "I cannot bear to see two good and honest people separated from each other by the arts of a false woman—more especially when one of those people is you."

"Dear Aubrey, you are very good. But never mind about me—I shall do very well. I want to speak to you about yourself, if you do not mind. A married woman may speak to a young man as I am going to speak to you, especially when he is her cousin."

"Certainly," he says, looking up with some surprise.

"I was about to ask you, Aubrey, when you are going to get married."

"Get married!"

He looks at her almost angrily, thinking that she is joking, but, seeing her eyes fixed anxiously and sadly upon his face, his manner changes.

"I'm sure I don't know, Juliet. I don't think I shall marry at all."

"But, Aubrey, if you will allow me to say so, I think you ought. You are uncle Howard's eldest son. Eldest sons are always expected to marry, and I am sure he wishes it."

"Really, Juliet, I don't think I could," stammers the young fellow, flushing and looking very uneasy.

"Not if there were some one who cared for you?"

"There is no one who really cares for me."

"I said 'if.'"

"I tell you, Juliet, I have never thought of such a thing since——"

He walks away from her in great agitation, and pulls aside the window-curtains to look out upon the soft summer dusk. She follows him, pausing at a little distance.

"Think of it now, then, Aubrey. I am sure you would be happier."

"I could not make any girl very happy now."

"Yes, you could."

"What do you mean, Juliet?"

"Aubrey, I know a girl who cares for you—a sweet and gentle girl who would devote her life to you—who would make you happy in spite of yourself."

"You know such a girl! Tell me who it is," he says incredulously.

"She did not tell me, Aubrey, or any one else. She has too much respect for herself. But I, being a woman also, could not help reading her secret in her face when you spoke to her, or did anything for her; and——"

She breaks off suddenly, relapsing into thoughtful silence.

"Tell me who she is, please," he says.

"I don't know whether I am doing right, Aubrey, to divulge her secret. She would never forgive me if she knew what I was doing."

"If it would put your mind at ease, I would promise never to tell her."

"Well, it is little Lucy Burnet."

"Lucy! She care for me!"

"I knew you did not dream of it, Aubrey. Now, confess, is she not a charming girl?"

"She is certainly what you say—a dear little thing—but——"

"She would make you a sweet wife. If I could have brought it about in any other way I would have done so, but I am not so much with you now; I have no opportunities; so I had to tell you."

"You are very kind to think about my happiness," the young fellow returns, in a very tremulous voice.

"Uncle Howard would like to see you married, Aubrey."

"I have no heart to marry, Juliet."

"You would soon forget your old troubles when you had a dear little wife like Lucy to take care of."

"Do you wish it so much, then?" he asks.

"Very much, for both your sakes."

"Then I will do it."

"Do you really mean it?"

"Yes; I will go to the library and write to her this minute."

But Juliet, now that she has gained her point, begins to fear for the consequences.

"You need not be in such haste," she says deprecatingly. "Think about it for a day or two. I should not like the burden of an unhappy marriage on my conscience, Aubrey."

"You shall never have such a burden to bear. If Lucy will be my wife I will never fail in kindness to her. I will make her a good and careful husband at least."

"But, Aubrey, do wait a little. You might be sorry."

"No; I'll strike while the iron's hot. You need not fear, Juliet; I will take care that Lucy is happy, if, as you say, she cares for me. And, since you tell me so, I am going to believe that I may one day be happy myself."

He speaks bravely, putting away resolutely every thought of his precious first love.

Juliet feels that such a man might be trusted with the happiness of any girl. She takes his hand, with a sudden rush of bitter tears to her eyes as she thinks of her own desolate life.

"May that day come very soon, dear Aubrey!" she whispers.

"Heaven bless you, Juliet!" he returns. "It is you who deserve happiness—who think of every one but yourself!"

"Well, I hope you did not think we had been very long," says Edith, entering the room just in time to see their hands unclasp. "Baby was awake when we went up, so we waited until he went off to sleep."

Randal follows her, and she looks at him with a significant smile as Aubrey's brow darkens perceptibly.

Her husband, for once, gives her no answering smile, but glances rather uneasily at the two whom they seem to have interrupted.

"Why didn't you come up and see the boy, Juliet?" he asks, in slightly vexed tones. "He is always so pleased to see you."

"You didn't ask me," she replies, laughing.

"I am going to write a letter," says Aubrey, as he leaves the room.

"Is Aubrey angry about anything?" inquires Edith, with a charming air of unconsciousness. "I hope — I'm sure I never thought—perhaps we interrupted you?"

"Oh, no; we had just finished our secrets!" returns Juliet coolly, glad of this opportunity to baffle her cousin. "In fact, it was not only our secret, and, if you will promise not to mention it until either he or I give you leave, I think I may tell it to you."

"Certainly," answers Edith, looking surprised.

She does not often receive any confidences from her cousin now.

Randal opens his blue eyes to their widest extent and listens anxiously, standing on the hearth-rug with his hands in his pockets.

"Oh, it is nothing wonderful!" says Juliet. "You heard Aubrey say just now that he was going to write a letter. Well, it is to ask Lucy to marry him, that's all."

"Lucy Burnet?" almost screams Edith. "Why, he never cared for her, Juliet! He never cared for any one but you!"

"What nonsense, Edith! Supposing that he did care for me, as a boy, before I was married—of course it is of no use to go on caring. Must he never think of any one else all his life long?"

"Well, I am sure I never thought of such a thing," says Edith, looking about her in a bewildered way. "I should never have dreamed it!"—with emphasis.

"We have just been talking it over," continues Juliet, in a matter-of-fact tone. "He did not think Lucy cared for him—she is a quiet little thing, you know—and I thought that I might venture to give him some encouragement on that point."

"Oh, Lucy always cared for him—that was patent to everybody!" answers Edith rather spitefully.

"Yet Aubrey has never found it out," opposes Juliet.

"He was blind—he could see no one but you."

"I think you should not say that, Edith. Remember that I am a married woman. I am sure Aubrey has never forgotten it for a moment."

Edith colors angrily, but Randal, who has been earnestly regarding Juliet's face during this conversation, comes up to her and grasps her hand.

"Juliet," he says, in unusually grave tones for the gay young soldier, "I'm glad to hear you speak so—it's a great relief to me. Edith here seemed to imagine that Aubrey still cared for you, and that—that—possibly—your marriage—under those circumstances—was a matter of regret—had caused a disappointment to both of you. Had it been so, I could never have forgiven myself for the part I took in it—not even though I won my precious wife through it"—looking fondly at Edith. "I'm heartily glad to hear about this. There is but one man in the world for you, and that is your husband—isn't it so, Juliet?"

"Yes," she says, all her heart in the one simple word.

He presses her hand affectionately before he lets it go, and returns, well satisfied, to his stand upon the hearth-rug.

Edith is terribly vexed at his unconscious bluntness.

His plain honest anxious speech—so innocent of any intention to offend—has undone a good deal of her delicate work, but she laughs it off lightly with a few careless words.

"Randal is so dreadfully in earnest," she says, with a deprecating glance and smile at her cousin. "I expressed pity for Aubrey's disappointment, or something of that kind, and he was quite in a way about it, I assure you. But I am very glad, too, Juliet dear, to find that I was mistaken."

An hour afterwards all four of them are standing at the piano together, trying over some glees and part-songs, when suddenly there is a rush of hasty feet, and the door is flung open without ceremony by old Simpson, who stands breathless before them, his eyes staring wildly, his face deathly pale.

"Sir—sir!" he gasps, panting and shaking.

But before he can get any further in his agony of terror, the dread intelligence reaches them through other channels than speech.

Through the open door comes the awful smell of burning, mingled with a faint sound of crackling wood.

"The house is on fire!" exclaims Randal.

Edith screams, and drops senseless at his feet.

"There's no time to be lost," says Aubrey; "pick her up, and I'll bring Juliet along."

But Juliet needs no bringing along; she has all her wits about her, and is her old brave spirited self in the emergency.

"Where is it?" she inquires of the almost stupefied servant.

"In the west wing, my lady; but—but—we're afraid it's got further than that now."

And, going into the hall, she sees to her horror that the fire has already caught the door at the farther end of a corridor which opens into it."

"We must be quick," she says. "There is the child to be thought of. Carry Edith out on the lawn, Randal, and I will fetch him down. Simpson, you go see that all the other servants are safe."

She is just starting on her errand when Aubrey's hand is laid upon her arm.

"I will fetch the boy, Juliet. You go out of doors."

"No, Aubrey; you would never find the nursery—you don't know the house so well as I. There is no danger, and I want you to ring the alarm bell; you know where that is."

In another moment she is half way up the stairs, and by the time she reaches the night-nursery the deep-toned bell is booming out its terrible summons.

She finds little Randal sleeping peacefully in his crib, and the nurse dozing by the fire.

Catching him up, and awakening the woman with the dread intelligence, she flies down-stairs again to see what other help she can give.

There is little or nothing that can be done in the way of extinguishing the fire until the engines arrive from Clayton, and as yet they have not been sent for, as no one has succeeded in bringing any of the horses out.

While they are engaged in this task, some one rides up at full gallop, on a powerful black horse, and Juliet, to her great joy and relief, recognizes her husband. It will be all right now, she thinks, while her heart leaps up with thankfulness.

"We heard the bell," he says. "Bentham is just behind. What are they going to do now?"

"Ride to Clayton for the engines."

"Is Timothy going? Here, man, take my horse, and don't let the grass grow under your feet.

He gives the servant a leg up with so much energy that he nearly comes to the ground on the other side of the animal; but he has just sense enough left to keep his seat, and is quickly speeding on his way, Bruno being only too glad to get away from the vicinity of the fire. Lovelace turns to the assembled group.

"I suppose all the people are out of the house or you wouldn't be thinking of the horses," he says.

"Yes," Randal answers.

Juliet walks round to the side of the house, where she finds Edith seated in an easy-chair on the lawn, in strong hysterics, surrounded by the women-servants, Prescott in attendance with salts and cold water, and the nurse holding the child, who is roaring lustily at being thus rudely awakened from his slumbers.

For once in his life however he gets no notice taken of him.

Most eyes are turned in the direction of the right-hand corner of the house, around which the lurid flames are already creeping.

"I think, if some of you will come with me," says Juliet, "we might save some of the most valuable things. There is time enough yet."

A few of them at first hang back, frightened and trembling; but, inspired by the sight of her undaunted face, they one by one all follow her, except the nurse and Prescott, who cannot leave their mistress.

The villagers too, who gathered in a crowd to gaze upon the destruction of the

noble old place whence they have often been fed and clothed, volunteer their help; and, as quickly as Juliet and the maids can gather things together and throw them out of the window, they catch them, and deposit them at a safe distance from the fire.

In this manner nearly all of Edith's jewels are saved, besides many other valuable treasures and relics belonging to the family, before the men return from their work of rescuing the horses.

Juliet is in Edith's dressing-room, catching up everything that appears to be worth saving, and so absorbed in her occupation that everything else has escaped her mind for the moment, when suddenly she feels a heavy hand upon her arm, and Lovelace's deep tones fall upon her ear.

"Juliet, what are you thinking of? Every one else has left the house, and they are all wondering where you can be."

His tones are stern with repressed feeling—whether of anger or concern for her she cannot tell.

"I am very sorry," she says, but still not realizing the danger, for the fire is at some distance from the room, which is on the eastern side of the house, so that she has seen nothing and heard but little of it. "I forgot all about the time. I knew Edith wouldn't lose her emerald set for the world, and I can't find it yet. She said it was in—oh, can't I have five minutes more?"

"Not one—not five seconds. Come with me, Juliet."

She knows then by his face that there is real danger, that she has under-calculated the risk; but she is not afraid.

Is she not with him? But the sight which meets her eyes as they go out on to the landing makes her hold her breath in horror.

The paneling on the left of the broad staircase is on fire, while on the right red tongues of flame curl swiftly round the balusters.

It seems to Juliet that the whole of the staircase is in a blaze.

She clasps her hands in anguish, and turns to Lovelace, and even in that terrible moment she notes the undaunted expression of his face, illuminated with the red glow all around.

"Oh, I did not mean it!" she exclaims, in an agony of self-reproach. "I did not mean to drag you into such danger!"

"Never mind me," he answers. "I shall be all right. If I can but get you through this——"

"Oh, do go, and leave me!" she urges, scarcely knowing what she says. "It would be far, far better!"

"Do you ask me to play the coward?" he returns, with his old sternness. "I thought even you believed better than that of me, Juliet."

Before she can answer he catches her up in his arms, muffling her head in his coat until she is almost suffocated, and then descends the stairs with his burden—not carefully, step by step, as he did on that last time he had occasion to carry her, but with headlong haste, dashing through the smoke that gathers thickly about his path.

Several times Juliet's head, under all its thick covering, feels the heat of the fire as they pass through the worst of it; but he brings her out into the cool atmosphere of the night at last—uninjured.

"Are you hurt?" is the first thing he says, as he puts her slowly down on the grass.

"Oh, no! And you?"

"No. Come along," he adds, in his most matter-of-fact tones. "We must let them see you are safe; they were getting very anxious."

"What shall I say to you?" she falters, as they quickly make their way along the narrow path. "You have saved my life to-night."

"And are you grateful for that?" he asks, with a touch of bitterness in his tones. "I thought that of late your life was no great boon to you."

"Indeed, you are mistaken," she answers weakly, struggling with her rising emotions. "I am very thankful to you. I always shall be; I——"

"Poor child!" he says, looking sorrowfully down at her, and putting his own construction on her hesitation. "Are you so unhappy with me?"

"Here they are," shouts Randal, in stentorian tones of welcome—"both of them—safe! We began to fear the worst," he goes on, "Edith is in a dreadful way. She will be so relieved at the sight of you safe and sound, Juliet."

He leads them with hasty steps to where Edith sits in her easy-chair on the lawn, in the lowest depths of despair, refusing all comfort, and persistently shutting out every ray of hope.

"I thought you must have been burnt to death!" she gasps, when they stand before her; but nobody can tell whether she is addressing one or both of them.

"If we had met our death in the flames," Lovelace answers curtly, "the whole blame would have rested upon some favorite jewels of yours, Mrs. Blakey, which Juliet seemed to think more to be regarded than her own life."

"Silly girl!" Edith exclaims hysterically. "I never meant her to risk her life about them. I only said, if she went into my dressing-room she might as well save them if she could. I—I wasn't sure where they were exactly, but I thought—I believed ——"

She breaks off helplessly.

"And to lead you into such danger, too!" she concludes. "It was most thoughtless of her."

Lovelace bows, with a sarcastic smile upon his lips.

"You are most kind. Had I not chanced to go into the inner room in my search, Juliet would doubtless have continued to look for those jewels until she found her death. As it happened, I looked upon her as the more valuable, and was able to bring her away without harm—for which I thank Heaven!"

The end of his speech is as reverently solemn as the beginning was coldly sarcastic.

Edith, looking up at him in amazement, sees by the light of the fire that a strange pallor has spread over his face, and that his lips are pale under the thick black moustache.

"You are hurt—you are injured in some way?" she says hurriedly.

"No, thank you."

He turns away from her anxious questioning, and looks down at Juliet, who is standing by his side, her fair head just on a level with his shoulder.

"You are sure?" she asks, hearing Edith's question and his answer. "You don't look quite like yourself."

"I am sure," he replies, bending his head to speak to her. "And if I were hurt I should not mind it. I would give my life for you, Juliet."

"Where is Randal? I don't see him?" impatiently interrupts Edith, who has witnessed with jealous eyes Lovelace's strange tenderness towards his wife.

"Why, here I am, darling," says Randal, who has been leaning upon the back of the chair watching the flames. "Lovelace, don't you think it is time we sent the ladies off now?"

"Where?" asks Edith sharply.

"If you will accept the hospitality of my house, Mrs. Blakey," begins Lovelace earnestly.

"Oh, thank you, Sir Evelyn; we shall be very glad! It is so kind of you," she answers quickly.

"Then will you go at once, dear?" asks her husband.

"Yes, I think so. I am getting tired," she answers languidly.

"Juliet, you will accompany your cousin, of course!"

Lovelace speaks in his firmest tones, knowing possibly how very unwelcome such an arrangement will be to her.

"No—please," she says, clinging to his arm.

"But I say, yes—please," he answers, turning to look at her eager face.

"I want to see the end of it."

"And I want you to go home. Who will play the hostess to your cousin if you are not there?"

"I am sure Edith would not mind, on such an occasion——"

"But I should mind, Juliet."

She looks up at his face in her turn now, and sees a new expression on it—an expression which makes her heart beat faster. She sighs, and clings yet closer to him—but yields.

"Very well; I will go," she assents unwillingly.

"Come, then; the carriage is all ready to take you home. We had the horses put in directly they were got out of the stables."

He leads her over the smooth turf, which gives forth sweet night odors that mingle strangely with the suffocating smoke and the strong smell of burning wood.

"Can nothing be done?" she asks, gazing regretfully at the burning building, as she leans upon her husband's arm. "This dear old place, of which poor uncle Phil was so proud!"

"Nothing—unless the engines come."

"What a pity!" she sighs. "That beautiful old place! I can remember no other home. Edith and Randal will lose a great many valuable things in it, I am afraid."

"Yes; your cousin will lose her emeralds for one thing."

She looks up at him to ascertain the real meaning of this speech, but his back is turned towards the fire now, so that it is impossible for her to tell whether he is smiling or angry.

"Indeed I am very sorry," she says very humbly. "I did not mean to risk your life. I never thought but that there was time."

He makes a sudden movement that interrupts her words, but then, recollecting himself, he glances momentarily over his shoulder, looking back on the lawn they have traversed.

"Here is the carriage," he announces, in his coolest tones; and then he puts Juliet carefully in, wrapping a rug about her, and doing all that he can for her comfort.

He stands back while Randal puts Edith in, not offering his services, and, indeed, it would be hard to see how she could need them, with her tender young soldier-husband to take care of her.

After her comes Prescott, Edith's inevitable companion upon every expedition, and then the nurse, carrying the child.

"Now don't run into danger," is Edith's parting admonition to the two men, as the carriage begins to move away, "and come home as soon as ever you can."

"Good-bye—for a little while," says Randal, looking fondly after his wife as she is driven away.

Juliet has not spoken a word. She has left all the directions and farewells to the others while she sits gazing after her husband, catching his last look at her, carrying away with her the memory of his dark fearless face as he stands with his close black curls bared to the night-breeze, his eyes shining brightly, and upon his cheek the ruddy glow of the fire; and as she sits among the soft cushions a sudden fear for him enters her heart.

What if he should meet with some dreadful accident—if part of the burning house should fall upon him, and kill him—or if he should go in to save something of value from the flames, and be burned to death! Her cheeks pale at the thought.

Just as they have passed out by the lodge-gates, and turned upon the broad stretch of country road lying between Compton and Tenham, and she has grown quieter at the thought of her husband's clear head and strength of mind and body, the sound of a sudden loud though distant shout falls upon their ears.

"Hark!" she exclaims.

"The engines have come, you may depend," says Edith, listening too.

"No; we should have heard them—we must have heard them—the night is so still. Oh, Edith, I am afraid there is something the matter!"

She leans forward with flushed cheeks, and an eager hand on the check-string.

"Don't—oh, don't!" cries Edith, burying her face in her hands, and rocking to and fro. "You frighten me! What could have happened—in these few minutes?"

Prescott recommences her ministrations, while Juliet pulls the check-string resolutely.

A wild spirit of daring has taken possession of her. She will go back alone to the scene of the disaster, and—hiding away in some dark nook—watch over the safety of her beloved.

"What are you going to do?" demands Edith, in terrified tones, as the carriage comes to a standstill.

"Go back. I must know what is the matter."

"What—all alone?"

"Certainly. There is nothing to be afraid of, and you will make yourself at home at Tenham, I am sure, if I ask you to excuse me."

"Oh, yes! But how long will you——"

"I must see the end."

She springs from the carriage to the ground, and is immediately confronted by the coachman, a gray old servitor, who has dismounted from his seat as hastily as his years and rheumatism will allow.

"Now, my lady," he begins to remonstrate, "you mustn't, indeed. The master said I was to drive you ladies straight to Tenham, and——"

"Very well, Gibbs," she interrupts, almost gaily. "You may drive Mrs. Blakey there as fast as you please, but, as for me, I am going back to see what is the matter."

"My lady——"

But she is off before he can get any further, crossing the stile at the side of the road, and taking the short cut through the park at a pace which he might strive in vain to emulate.

* * * * * *

Scarcely has the carriage rolled away, and Lovelace and Blakey have returned to the scene of the fire, when one of those appalling mistakes which so often occur on such occasions is discovered.

When the flames are leaping up all around the building, an attic-window is pushed up, two hands are held wildly out, a white face is seen, and a voice shrill with deadly fear calls for help. Then—too late—one of the men remembers something about Sally, the kitchen-maid, going to bed early in the evening with a violent cold and headache, and in the confusion she—all alone in the top story of the big house—has been forgotten.

Then it is that the shout of alarm is raised which has brought Juliet back through the silent glades and pastures, fearing danger to her dearest; and the first thing that her eyes rest upon, when, panting and breathless, she at last reaches the shadow of the tall evergreens on the front lawn, is that white agonized figure with the flames roaring towards it from below. She had meant to remain concealed, and watch over his safety; but at that terrible sight she rushes forward into the midst of the group of men who stand helplessly gazing up at the attic window.

"Can nothing be done?" she exclaims. "Can no one save her? Oh, let me go up on a ladder! I am lighter than you, I—— Oh, where is my husband?"

A new horror falls upon her as she looks round at the familiar faces, and sees that one is missing—the handsomest—the best—the bravest among them all!

"He has gone with some others to get a ladder," says Randal's voice in her ear. "How did you come here, dear? You should have gone home with Edith."

"I got out when I heard you all shouting," she answers, in low strained tones. "I couldn't help it. Edith is quite safe," she adds, for his benefit, knowing how his life is wrapped up in his beautiful selfish wife. "Who is going up on the ladder?" she continues, after receiving a grateful pressure from the young man's hand.

"We shall see when it comes," he answers evasively; and at that moment a group of men turn the corner of the house and advance to the front, bearing two long ladders.

Foremost among them is Lovelace, his hands swift and steady as, kneeling on the grass, he begins to splice the two ladders together.

Juliet presses forward in the throng which gathers round him. She does not speak, yet he finds that she is there.

"You here, Juliet?" he says, looking up for a moment from his work with a frown upon his brow.

"I couldn't help it, I had to come back," she answers, heedless of the listening ears about her.

He does not answer her, but when his task is accomplished he rises to his feet, and she hears him addressing Randal in an undertone, while the men raise the ladders, now bound firmly together with strong cords, and place them against the house as near as possible to the window where the poor girl stands crying for help and wringing her hands.

"You will take care of her, Blakey," he says, "if anything should happen to me ——"

"You are not going?" she interrupts wildly. "Oh, surely you are not going? You must not!"

She presses eagerly between the two men, turning her back upon Randal and looking up at her husband's face with tearful blue eyes.

He takes her hand as he answers her, speaking with deep gravity, but much more kindly than is usual with him.

"Juliet, had you obeyed me you would have known nothing of this—I would not willingly have you witness such a scene—but since you are here you must not try to prevent me from doing my duty. You understand?"

He looks down at her with his fearless eyes, all his brave face illuminated with a steady glow of something more than mere animal courage.

She looks into that face and trusts in it; the grasp of that powerful hand gives her strength.

"I will not try to prevent you," she murmurs. "Go, and Heaven preserve you!"

"Ready, sir!"

He turns instantly at the cry, with one quick look into his wife's face; but before he can reach the ladder another foot is up-it, two sturdy hands grasp the sides, and Aubrey St. John's fair head is already some distance above the heads in the crowd, when a strong hand catches him back just as he is almost beyond reach, and Lovelace swings him to the ground before he knows where he is.

"No one but myself is going up that ladder," he announces, putting his own foot upon it—"least of all you, St. John. I suggested the idea—I alone will carry it out."

"But, sir, it don't reach to the window by five feet or more," put in one of the men fearfully.

"I see that, Evans; but there are projections to hold on by. I shall manage—never fear."

"Think of your wife," says Aubrey, as a last appeal.

Lovelace flings him a sudden dark glance.

"I am thinking of her," he returns shortly, and then he swiftly ascends the ladder.

Juliet, while Randal holds her hand fast upon his arm, follows her husband's every movement with straining eyes.

A roar of admiration and encouragement rises on the night air as Lovelace reaches the top of the second ladder, and begins to make his preparations for the climbing to the window.

She sees him, turning this way and that, trying the strength of the woodwork, arranging his plans as coolly as though he were in his own study at work. But that cry is nothing to the shout that goes up as he clambers at last to the window, holding on with torn and bleeding hands to brick and stone—anything which offers itself as sufficient support; and then a breathless silence prevails as he seizes the terrified girl, who screams and struggles wildly as she catches sight of the flames beneath.

"How can she be so silly?" says Juliet, in an intensely excited whisper. "She will kill him—and herself too!"—almost angrily.

"Plucky fellow!" bursts involuntarily from Randal's lips, as he looks admiringly on. "I've seen two or three cool things done in my time, I can tell you, but never one cooler than that! No, don't fear, Juliet; he has got sense as well as strength. He'll do it yet, you will see!"

The flames are rising higher now; they curl fiercely about the ladder down which he must descend with his burden, and, seeing this, the men immediately began to dash pails of water upon it to keep it from igniting.

It is very difficult, encumbered as he is, to reach the ladder again, and, by the time his foot touches the first round, the flames are rising high to meet him on his way.

For a moment he pauses and looks round; then, seeing that nothing else can be done, and that he and his burden must needs pass through the hottest of the fire, he at once commences the perilous descent.

They all look on with bated breath as down he comes, step by step, the flames at times seeming to lick his dark cheeks, and the thick smoke often hiding him from the straining eyes of those below.

He has just reached the lower ladder, when the whole front of the house, undermined by the fire, quivers and trembles, as if shaken by an earthquake, and he almost loses his hold at the unexpected movement.

There is a loud shout of alarm, and a tramp of hasty feet beating a retreat. Juliet will not move—she resolves to stay there to meet her death, with her eyes fixed upon that figure above; but Randal half drags, half carries her to a tolerably safe distance.

"Oh, don't, Randal—let me stay! Oh, my husband!" she moans.

"He gave you into my charge, Juliet. You cannot help him; he may yet be saved," he replies, holding her fast, while a strange lump rises in his throat at the sight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To acknowledge our faults when we are blamed is modesty; to discover them to one's friends, in ingenuousness, is confidence; but to preach them to all the world, if one does not take care, is pride.

MY RECOMPENSE.

BY WM. W. LONG.

Songs in the night-time I have heard you sing,
Set in a minor rosary of tears:
But I would have no other, dear,
To keep me pure thro' all the coming years.

The harvest of my life hath been all shade,
It hath been mine to reap the bitter first:
But I shall win you in the After-land,
And in eternal fountains quench Love's thirst.

Love Conquers All.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIN AND THE SINNER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

ONE morning in the following week, at a somewhat advanced hour, Bernard Dutton rolled out of bed, yawned once or twice, and looked around upon the scanty belongings of his "furnished apartment for a single gentleman," until his gaze was arrested by the sight of a couple of letters which had been thrust under his door.

He picked them up and leisurely inspected the missives.

His hand trembled slightly as he scanned one of them, a massive-looking, parchment-like envelope, fastened with a large old-fashioned seal.

He recognized his uncle's crabbed handwriting in the superscription, and a feeling of agreeable surprise, coupled with some reasonable anxiety, took possession of him.

A few days before, driven to extremities by sheer necessity, he had so far swallowed his pride—of which, by-the-way, he had but very little remaining — and resentment as to appeal to his uncle for assistance.

And this letter, he knew, contained the answer to his application.

He opened it slowly and read it to the end unmoved, when he threw the note from him with an angry exclamation.

It was assuredly not pleasant reading, for it ran as follows:

"High Dutton, June 18th.

"Sir—I have received your impudent application for pecuniary assistance, in refusing which I experience a most lively satisfaction. You have chosen your own path in life, and may go to the dogs or rot in the workhouse, but you will get nothing from your obedient servant,

"JONATHAN DUTTON."

"What a nice agreeable fellow!" soliloquized the recipient of this unpromising epistle, when he had recovered his jaunty humor. "What a kind and affectionate uncle!"

Then his eye fell upon the other missive.

"I wonder who this is? Good heavens, what's this!"—for he had torn open the envelope, and a piece of crisp paper had fluttered down on to the floor as he drew out the letter.

He picked up the paper, and uttered the ejaculation as he unfolded it and found it to be a five-pound note.

He stared at the note in stupid wonderment, and then turned to the open letter, a dainty little missive written in a feminine hand and dated from the same address as his uncle's.

"I have heard," it said, "from my father about your letter to him and have seen his reply. I do hope that all that he says about you is not true, if only for his sake, for you are of his own kindred. You must not think harshly of him, his life has been so dreadfully embittered. He does not dream of my sending you the enclosed, but I hope you will not mind my doing so, and that you will respect my confidence. The money is my very own, and it may be of some little service.

"I cannot rest and think that there is any one near to him, my benefactor, in want. It is not necessary to acknowledge this, but, oh, pray use the money to some good purpose!

"MARY DUTTON."

The scapegrace read this note through twice, and then, still staring at it vacantly, a tear rolled down his cheek—a cheek still flushed from the effects of an over-night's dissipation.

"This is the girl he adopted," he murmured as he brushed the spot off the letter with a hasty wipe of his sleeve, "and she sends me five pounds! I have never seen her, but she must be an angel. And she will have all the old man's money, and I —well, I don't think I shall see much of it. Well, well!"

And, with somewhat mixed emotions, Mr. Dutton dressed himself hastily, pondering the while.

When he had completed his toilet—none too elaborate at the best of times—he stepped out on to the landing, and by dint of much shouting succeeded in summoning a maid of tender years, who demonstrated her calling by a very dirty apron many sizes too large for her and a still dirtier face.

"Susan," said Mr. Dutton cheerfully, "you'll go across the road and get me some bitter beer; and you'll change this note and bring me the change back carefully; and you shall have sixpence for yourself, Susan."

Susan stared at the note in considerable astonishment, and then stared at the lodger.

"We are a-gettin' flush!" remarked the irreverent damsel, with an easy air of familiarity.

"We are, Susan—we are," responded Mr. Dutton, in no wise affronted. "We shall be Lord Mayor yet, Susan."

The girl departed on her mission with a grin, and Bernard Dutton went into his room.

When she returned with the beer and the change she found Mr. Dutton with his elbows on the table, staring fixedly at an open letter.

"Here's the change; I've kep' my sixpence," said the girl, but the man took no heed. "Here's the beer! D'y'ear, Mr. Dutton?" she screamed. "Wot's that yer so interestid about? Yer young 'ooman sent yer a valentine, I 'spose?"

"I've a very good mind, Susan," responded Mr. Dutton, looking up slowly, "a very good mind to take you by the neck and drop you downstairs!"

"'Ave yer though? I'd like to see yer," said Miss Susan, with confidence. "Ain't we gettin' 'orty with our five-pound notes a-knockin' about!"

The audacity of the girl was irresistible, and Mr. Dutton smiled without making any reply.

Then he glanced towards the beer, laid hands on the jug, looked into it longingly, and then set it down with a sigh; then he looked at his letter again, and another sigh broke from him.

"You'll take that jug of beer downstairs," he said, with another regretful glance at it, "and you'll ask Mrs. Jubb if she'll do me the favor of drinking it."

"Ain't you goin' to 'ave any?" questioned the hand-maid, in surprise.

"Will you do what I tell——" began Mr. Dutton, making a rapid dash at the irrepressible Susan; but that young lady was far too nimble to be caught, for she seized the jug and whisked downstairs at a break-neck pace, confiding to herself in audible tones her conviction that the fourth-floor back was "a-goin' orf 'is 'ead."

"'And, oh, pray use the money to some good purpose!' I'm hanged if I could drink that beer with that running in my mind," muttered Mr. Dutton, "the stuff would choke me!"

The thought of the Athenian Club and the golden possibilities which a capital of five pounds might present in that shady temple of play crossed his mind; but again the thought of that simple adjuration rose up before him, and with one sweep of his hand he gathered up the little heap of gold and silver, and, as if fearful of giving way to some powerful temptation, he hurried downstairs with it and sought the landlady.

"Which I drinks yer health, Mr. Dutton," said Mrs. Jubb, a thin, red-nosed lady.

"I wish you'd look after this money for me, Mrs. Jubb," said Dutton, laying it on the table, "and, as long as it lasts, pay yourself my bill out of it."

"It's 'andy, Mr. Dutton, uncommon 'andy just now," murmured Mrs. Jubb, to whom five pounds in bulk was most acceptable. "You're going to drink a glass of your own beer?" she added with anxious solicitation.

"Well—no, I won't, thanks," replied the lodger, turning hastily to the door, and leaving Mrs. Jubb in a state of extreme astonishment.

For the first time within her recollection Mr. Bernard Dutton—who, in the euphemistic language of Mrs. Jubb, was "fond of his drop"—had refused a drink, and, seeing that Mr. Dutton's mind was unduly exercised by the fear that circumstances might compel him to drink too little rather than too much, Mrs. Jubb was completely nonplused.

CHAPTER III.

SOME four or five months later, in his office in Gray's Inn, sat Mr. Flynt senior, the head of the respectable firm of Flynt, Magson, & Flynt, solicitors. He was busily writing when a clerk entered, bearing a slip of paper.

"Ah," said Mr. Flynt, as he glanced at the name inscribed thereon, "he has turned up at last, has he? What does he look like, Mr. Frost? A little—er—off color—eh?"

"Rather too much color, I should say, sir," replied Mr. Frost, with a grin, which rapidly changed to a look of apologetic gravity beneath the unappreciative glance of his employer.

"You can show this gentleman in when I ring," observed Mr. Flynt.

To have admitted a client to his presence without keeping him cooling his heels for ten minutes in an outer office would have been, in Mr. Flynt's opinion, a gross infraction of one of the first principles of law: and the customary interval elapsed, during which Mr. Flynt picked his teeth and looked out of the window, absorbed in thought, before he touched his bell-rope—an action which was speedily followed by the entrance of Mr. Bernard Dutton, looking more seedy and perhaps more disreputable than ever.

Mr. Flynt shook hands effusively, much to Mr. Dutton's astonishment, and begged his visitor to take a seat.

"It isn't a writ then?" said Mr. Dutton, with much calmness.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the lawyer. "No, Mr. Dutton, it is not a writ."

"I thought it couldn't be," responded Bernard musingly. "Although there are some fools about, it didn't seem possible that you could have found one fool enough to sue me."

"I don't know, Mr. Dutton," replied Flynt senior impressively; "I am of opinion that one might do worse."

"Can't say I follow you," returned Bernard. "What did you want to see me about?"

This abrupt inquiry did not fit in with the dignified humor of Mr. Flynt's mood, and he raised his hands deprecatingly.

"Softly—softly, my dear sir," said the lawyer. "We have been seeking you for the past three months."

"So I find by your letters at my lodgings," replied Bernard. "I've been away—traveling with Bink's Steam Circus—roundabout, you know," he added, seeing the other's mystification—"Bink's Garden of Varieties. I worked the 'Varieties,' three shies a penny. Can't say that I appreciated it much. Now why have you sent for me?"

The lawyer looked at Mr. Dutton with considerable curiosity.

"It was my duty to inform you, Mr. Dutton," he answered slowly, "of the sudden death of your uncle some four months ago."

"Dear me!" said Bernard carelessly.

Then he half rose from his chair and looked at the lawyer.

"Was it to inform me of this that you sent for me?" he asked.

"Chiefly," replied Flynt senior.

"Then you might have spared yourself the trouble," said Bernard moodily.

For the first time during the interview he evinced some emotion, for his voice rose and trembled slightly.

"My uncle, sir, was a heartless wretch, who would not have stretched out his hand to save a drowning cur."

Then he added bitterly, "I suppose he has left me rope enough to hang myself with?"

"That depends on what view one takes of the matter," responded Mr. Flynt with his customary dryness.

Then he looked at Bernard fixedly, and spoke with an irritating slowness. "Your uncle, Mr. Dutton," went on the head of the firm of Flynt, Magson, & Flynt—"your uncle has left you a fortune of something like one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. I should say that was rope enough to hang anybody," he added.

Dutton simply looked at the lawyer, resumed his seat, and said:

"A hundred and fifty thousand pounds! Rubbish!"

"I wonder if this fellow is acting, or whether he's going to have a fit?" mused the lawyer inwardly. Then he said aloud, "Perhaps I shall make myself more intelligible when I say that your uncle has died intestate, and that you are the heir-at-law."

"Have you any brandy in the place?" inquired Bernard, with the same feeble stare.

"Certainly, my dear sir! Permit me!"—and the lawyer produced a decanter and handed Dutton a tumbler.

Bernard swallowed the spirit without waiting for water in a way that made the lawyer almost forget himself so far as to shudder.

"You will have to take out letters of administration!" explained Mr. Flynt. "We shall be happy to act for you, of course, unless you desire to transfer your business to some other solicitor."

"We can see about that afterwards," said Bernard, who had turned faint with a peculiar sensation at heart, "afterwards. There is a young lady, I believe?" he went on, with a strange look of inquiry on his ashen face.

"There is a young lady," responded the lawyer, regarding him steadily, "a very estimable young person, the late Mr. Dutton's adopted daughter."

"And has she—is she left any of this money?" continued Bernard, with the same hurried interest.

"Not one penny. She is quite unprovided for."

Then there was silence, and the two men looked at each other.

"He might have had the decency to be a little less eager about it," thought Flynt. "Strange how fortune make scoundrels of men!"

Then he said aloud, "You know of course that it was your uncle's intention to have left his fortune to this young lady?"

"I do," answered the other.

"Of course she must be considerably disappointed."

"I suppose she must!" returned Bernard stolidly.

"Perhaps you will think it well to make some little provision for her—it would look more decent, you know!"

"I daresay," responded the other in the same stolid tone. "What do you call 'some little provision' now?" he asked suddenly.

"Well, if I were in your place, I should allow her—well, eighty pounds a year."

"Oh, that's what you would do?" said the heir-at-law. "Do you know," he added, looking straight at Mr. Flynt, "you're about as generous a man, for a lawyer, as I've met."

Not a muscle of his face moved, and Mr. Flynt was wholly at a loss to decide whether his client spoke satirically or otherwise.

"I suppose you could contrive to lend me ten pounds on the strength of this information?" said Dutton, rising to take his leave.

"My dear sir, a hundred if you wish," replied Mr. Flynt. "Shall I write you a cheque at once?"

"No, thank you. I think I had better look at this affair through the medium of a ten-pound note to start with."

The lawyer wrote out and handed him a cheque.

"This young lady," said Bernard—"where is she now?"

"Well, we took upon upon ourselves to beg her to remain at High Dutton until—until——"

"Yes?" interrupted Bernard briefly.

"Until we received instructions to the contrary," finished the lawyer very coolly.

"I see," said Mr. Dutton shortly. "I will write to you in a few days. Good day;" and he reeled out of the room.

"Heaven help that poor girl!" muttered Mr. Flynt, as he watched his client cross the square. "I wonder how many days it will be before she receives notice to quit? He's a nice, comfortable sort of fellow, yonder—a worthy nephew of a worthy uncle!"

* * * * * * *

Yes, there was no manner of doubt about it—Squire Dutton was dead. Three days after that sunny afternoon on which Captain Felix whispered his tale of love—three days after the old man himself had spoken so confidently about his health and his probable tenure of life, he was lying a corpse in winding shroud.

A little clot of blood blocking up one of the valves of his heart, a faint spasm, and that heart had ceased to beat.

They found him in the morning lying silent and cold in his bed, with a slight convulsion warping his stern features and his hands tightly clenched across his breast.

There were few to mourn his loss save the gentle girl who had called him father, the silver-haired old lady who had known and tolerated his whims and humors for twenty years, and one or two of the old servants of the Manor House.

They laid him in the family vault, and Mr. Flynt came down and searched his effects.

He had explained the position in one of his lengthy orations to Mary.

"I must tell you, my dear young lady," said Flynt senior—"but perhaps it is hardly necessary for me to mention it to you, who doubtless knew his peculiarities—that my good friend and client was a very remarkable man—very remarkable indeed, a man of prejudice, I may say, without disrespect to his memory; and one of his strongest prejudices was—ahem, the prospect of his decease."

"I know," answered Mary listlessly, wondering why the lawyer should trouble her with these details.

"That being the case," continued Flynt senior, in his most judicial manner, "he could never be induced to give instructions for the preparation of a necessary document connected in the case of all of us with—ahem—our demise. I am acquainted with our lamented friend's intentions, but that, my dear young lady, I regret to say, in the legal sense, does not constitute a case. And I have come down to make a search for any document, however informal, which our excellent friend may have left, which may—I speak without prejudice—constitute a case."

"A case for what?" inquired Mary, thinking it necessary to say something.

"A case for succession, my dear young lady," replied Mr. Flynt—"some written proof of his undoubted intention to will to you the property of which he—ahem—died possessed or any other testamentary disposition which he may, at the eleventh hour, have felt disposed to make."

"You will do whatever is necessary, sir," said Mary wearily, anxious to escape from the man of law and his prosy explanations to the more comforting presence of Mrs. Netherbury.

It was the first great sorrow in Mary's life, this sudden loss of the stern old man who had been to her so gentle, and she mourned for him with all the intensity of her young heart.

After rummaging the house high and low, ransacking drawers, writing-tables, and cupboards for anything in the shape of a will, Mr. Flynt came to her with a very rueful face.

"My dear young lady," he said, "I am sorry to say that there is no sign of a will. You will permit me to say that I sympathize with you sincerely."

"What does it mean?" questioned poor Mary.

"Well, young lady, it means that our lamented friend has—ahem—died intestate, and that the property goes to his next-of-kin — some scapegrace nephew, I believe."

"Then it does not belong to me after all?" said Mary quietly.

"No, Miss Dutton, it does not, I deeply regret to say!"

"I'm very glad," said Mary, with a sigh of relief, much to the lawyer's astonishment.

"Very glad?" he repeated in surprise.

"Yes, Mr. Flynt," said the girl, looking up at him: "it would have caused me great unhappiness. What right had I to all this when my father had his own kindred—his own family?"

Mr. Flynt elevated his eyebrows, but did not reply. These bucolic innocents were beyond his comprehension.

"Have you any plans for your future?" he ventured to ask in the hall, while he was waiting for the dog-cart to take him to the station.

Mary blushed slightly and looked down to the floor.

"Yes, I think so, thank you," she answered.

"Because there is no necessity for you to hurry away from here," said Mr. Flynt; "we have to find this scapegrace heir yet, and goodness knows where he may be!"

And, with a hand-shake cordial for him, the lawyer took his seat in the dog-cart and drove off.

Captain Felix had returned to his regiment the day before Mr. Dutton's sudden death, and knew nothing of the catastrophe until informed of it by a letter from Mary, a quiet little letter full of sorrow, to which Captain Felix replied in a lengthy epistle crammed with moral reflections on the uncertainty of human life.

And the Captain congratulated himself upon the fortunate inspiration which had led him to declare his passion before any possible charge of mercenary motives might have been imputed to him.

But a few days later, when it was whispered abroad that old Squire Dutton had left no will behind him, and that his adopted daughter in consequence was left penniless, the Captain ceased to congratulate himself, and began to look grave.

Then came a letter from Mary confirming the rumors, and, with the unworldliness that characterised her, she spoke of it as a relief.

He pondered this letter for a time, and then, thinking that he must see his family and sound them upon the altered aspect of affairs, the cautious young man wrote a short reply, telling his dearest Mary that he hoped to get leave shortly and to run home for a week or two, when he would again experience the rapture of seeing his darling.

CHAPTER IV.

FOUR months had passed since the sudden death of the old Squire, and the autumn leaves were strewing the greensward of the coppice at High Dutton.

On a fallen tree-trunk by the side of the leaping brook sat Mary, her quiet thoughtful face wearing a pensive look in harmony with the shadows around her.

For the past month her lover's conduct had been strange and fitful.

Two or three hurried notes at irregular intervals, short and uncertain, and not overwhelmingly affectionate, were all that Mary had received in response to her numerous epistles; for she had turned to this the love of her girlhood with new force, seeking therein consolation from the severance of her childhood's affection.

And now she knew that Captain Felix had been at the Hall for the past four days, and no word or sign from him had reached her.

It was Mary's first passion—this love for Felix Carver; she did not shape in her mind any definite sense of misgiving save the vague feeling of coming trouble which oppressed her.

She had even in her perfect trust written to her tardy lover to tell him that she would look for him in the coppice this day, and she was waiting now and listening for the glad sound of his footsteps.

She looked at her watch; it was a quarter of an hour past the appointed time, and she was beginning to think that Captain Felix was not coming, and beginning also to feel angry and hurt, when she heard a footstep, and looking up, saw him crossing the narrow bridge and hastening towards her.

His face wore a troubled look; and Mary, who was prepared to give him a gentle rating for his neglect, forgot her intention and scanned him with anxious sympathy.

"My dear Mary, I am very sorry," began Felix; "I had the greatest difficulty to get away from the crowd at the Hall. They have a house-party up there, and my father wanted me to stop."

"That is the reason I have seen and heard nothing of you for four whole days, I suppose—you bad fellow!" said Mary smiling.

"Well, no—not exactly, Mary," returned Felix uneasily. "But how did you know that I was at home?"

"Parker, our gardener, told me," answered Mary. "He was over at the Hall with some slips and heard of your return. And to him I am indebted for the information, or I suppose I should not have heard of it at all," she added, a little resentfully.

"No; I was about writing to you, my dear, when I received your letter, and therefore I came instead.

Something in his constrained manner struck Mary forcibly, for she looked at him swiftly and then asked:

"What is the matter, Felix—what has happened?"

Her lover looked on the ground gloomily, and did not meet her gaze.

"Is it something very bad, dear?" Mary went on; and she slipped her little hand comfortingly into his.

"Yes, Mary, it is bad. You'll think me an awful brute—perhaps something worse—when I tell you."

"No, indeed I won't, dear Felix!" said Mary, with ready sympathy, forgetting her grievance. "I couldn't think that of you unless you did something dishonorable or horrid, and that I know you couldn't do, Felix!"

Captain Felix had manliness enough left in him to feel himself at that moment more like a cur than he had ever had the good grace to imagine himself at any period of his life.

"Tell me all about it, Felix?" the girl pleaded, yearning to exercise that birthright of love—the right of sympathy.

"My dear, it is simply that our engagement must be at an end. My father objects to our marriage. I have argued ——"

Then Captain Felix stopped short, for Mary had withdrawn her hand with one sharp movement and was looking at him with rigid face.

"Your father objects! And he wrote me a note full of courtesy and congratulation a few short weeks ago!"

Then a sudden flash of light burst upon the poor girl's perplexed mind, and she turned upon her lover with a rapid gesture.

"Is it anything to do with money, Felix?" she asked.

The hope of the Carvers shifted uneasily on the fallen trunk.

"Something of that sort, Mary," he at length replied.

"Ah!"

The girl was scrutinising his downcast face, as though she were striving to look into the depths of his soul.

"And what is your opinion, Captain Felix?"

Her voice was so strange and cold now that the young man looked up for an instant and met her steady gaze; then he averted his face again.

"Well, you know, Mary, it cut me up dreadfully; but what was to be done? It would not do for me to quarrel with my father, you know; and we could not live upon air. I'm horribly put out about it and—and all that sort of thing."

"I ought to be very grateful for your feelings of regret!" said Mary icily. "Now that you have told me your mind, I am inclined to agree with you entirely. It would have been a sad misfortune for Captain Carver of Carver Hall to have married a poor schoolmistress's daughter. But it would have been a greater misfortune, in my opinion, now that I know more of him, if Captain Carver had had the opportunity of marrying the heiress of High Dutton."

Captain Felix writhed beneath the sting of her words.

He had reckoned upon a storm of tears, perhaps entreaties, or possibly some mute but gratifying despair, but he had not counted upon having to listen to these chilling sarcasms from her cold lips.

"Come, Mary," he expostulated feebly, "I really think you're too hard upon me. I would wait and work for you for years; but what is the use of waiting for years to divide a crust of bread-and-cheese—for I shall never have any money except the governor's?"

"I never thought of money," said Mary sadly and quietly. "I only thought that you were a true and noble man, and worthy of any woman's love; and I made a mistake—that was all."

"Thank you," returned Felix, his color rising visibly. He was nearly losing his temper. "At any rate, Mary," he added stiffly, "my father is anxious to do the handsome, and would like to make you a present of five hundred pounds as a little recompense or compensation, or whatever one ought to call it, in the belief that you might find it useful."

This was Captain Felix's idea of a polite rendering of his father's speech to the effect that "he must buy the little wretch off for anything up to five hundred pounds, and get out of the plight at once!"

The girl turned upon him swiftly, her pale face crimsoning with anger.

"Sir, you insult me grossly—wantonly!" she exclaimed passionately. "This is what you came to tell me then—that you were anxious to buy back your heart with your paltry gold? Oh, shame upon you!"

"No, Mary—don't say——"

"But it is true," burst in Mary vehemently; "I can read it all thoroughly. Take back your heart, sir; take your professions of love, they are false—all false and worthless. Go back to your father and tell him that I make no claim upon you, that I should hold myself lower than the lowest if I touched one penny of his horrible money."

She had risen to her feet and spoke with rare passion, her great eyes flashing scorn and contempt at the abashed Felix, who, in spite of her contumely, was touched with secret admiration.

"My dear, dear Mary, you wilfully misunderstand me!" he said. "I do love you ——"

"Love!" echoed Mary, with immeasurable scorn.

"Yes, love," answered Felix resolutely. "And because I love you I have spoken plainly and tried to put the thing in its proper light. My father places obstacles in our way because——"

"Because I am now penniless," put in Mary.

"Well, it is the world's way," said Captain Felix composedly. "And I love you too well, Mary, to ask you to share bread-and-cheese with me. Besides, if the governor is prepared to come down handsomely," he pursued, "I really don't see why you shouldn't have the benefit of it, Mary. For my part, I think that the chief reason for the existence of fathers is the coming-down-handsomely business, don't you know."

At this moment a rustling in the undergrowth that skirted the clearing caused them both to turn their heads, just in time to see a stranger emerging into the open.

They both surveyed him in astonishment as he calmly approached them, for the coppice was part of the private domain of High Dutton, and the recollection of its late owner's scant courtesy to trespassers of every degree was still within the recollection of all his neighbors.

The new-comer perceived these critical glances, and returned their inquiring gaze with perfect placidity.

He was a seedy-looking man, wearing a very bad hat, and appeared to be a little too rollicking-looking even for the border-land of good taste; but he was cleanly shaven and apparently sober.

For it was Mr. Bernard Dutton, the new owner of these trees and pastures, of the park yonder and the massive house that looked like a dot on the broad landscape through the long avenues of stately trees.

He had thought fit to make his entry into his domain in this abrupt and back-stairs manner, the day after his interview with Mr. Flynt senior, of Gray's Inn.

Captain Felix, from his seat on the log, continued to survey Mr. Dutton with an unpleasant frown, for he was annoyed at being interrupted in his argument just when, as he flattered himself, he was making some headway; and he felt anxious also as to the precise amount of his interesting converse which the stranger might have overheard.

Perhaps the fellow had been standing behind a tree-trunk for the past half-hour, listening to the whole of the young man's lamentable meanness. Captain Felix reddened at the thought, and, addressing Bernard, said stiffly:

"Are you aware that this private property, sir?"

"Certainly!" returned Bernard promptly. "Are you?"

The color on Captain Felix's cheek grew darker at this cool response, and he turned to Mary, who was standing a few paces off, questioningly, only to find a look of doubt and apprehension spreading over her face as she surveyed the stranger.

"May I ask who you are, sir?" said Captain Felix, with increased stiffness, again addressing himself to the imperturbable Bernard, who had come to a standstill in front of the young man, and was eyeing him with calm consideration.

"Of course you may!" replied Mr. Dutton, with an air of candor. "I'm a vagabond—at least I was until yesterday. Who are you?"

"I wanted to know why you have the audacity to intrude upon private conversation, sir?" Captain Felix said with some warmth.

"Hallo—more privacy!" laughed the incorrigible Bernard. "The scene is private, the conversation is private; I suppose the air is private, and I ought to apologize for breathing it. But allow me to remind you, my young friend, that you spoke to your humble servant in the first instance."

"I asked you in the interests of this young lady, Miss Dutton, what business you had here!"

"Since you put it in that way," said Mr. Dutton, "I don't mind if I tell you. A man sent for me yesterday, and told me that this private property was my private property, and, believing him to be correctly informed, I took the liberty of coming down to have a look at it, just for the sake of old acquaintance. You have no objection, I suppose?" concluded Bernard, with comical gravity.

Captain Felix stared at the new master of High Dutton in his shabby clothes and seedy hat, too astonished to apologize; but Mary stepped forward and confronted the speaker.

"You are Mr. Bernard Dutton?" she said, looking into his blue eyes.

"I am that unworthy individual!" replied Bernard; and his eyes drooped before her searching gaze—for into his mind at that moment there flashed a recollection of a dainty little letter and a five-pound note fluttering down on the carpetless floor of a garret—a recollection which had been often in his thoughts.

"Oh!"

This was all that the young lady said, but she said it very meaningly, and Mr. Dutton's eyes drooped still more.

"I am not very presentable," he went on, in an altered tone; "but I only ran down to have one look at the old place, and did not think of meeting anybody."

There seemed to be the touch of a gentleman in his altered manner—perhaps it was the unconscious influence of the old surroundings which brought to mind the time when he had been a gentleman; and Mary softened a little. She held out her hand.

Bernard started slightly, and then took the little gloved hand in his own for one instant.

"I am glad to see you," he said. "We have never met before. I have not been here for nearly twenty years. Mrs. Netherbury—is she still here?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Dutton; she is up at the house at this moment."

"Poor old soul—she used to be very fond of me! I will go and see her," added Bernard; and Mary's eyes brightened at this kindly recollection.

After all he seemed gentle in his manner, although he was dressed in such shockingly bad clothes, and there was a look in the tired blue eyes and on the worn, line-marked face, when he turned his gaze upon her, which reminded her of the dead man lying there in the quiet churchyard as he had been wont to look upon her in his moments of tenderness. And she forgot the unfavorable impression created by his apparent effrontery in the first moments of his conversation with Captain Carver.

"You know the way to the house, Mr. Dutton?" she asked, with a smile.

"I don't think I've forgotten," he answered laughingly; and then he raised his hat, and, with a good-humored nod to the Captain, who still seemed lost in a state of stupefaction, he disappeared across the footbridge.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE newest feminine fad pronounces in favor of a 5 o'clock tea slipper. The whim is said to take greatly with a number of the ultra-fashionable, who frequently have slippers made of glove kid.

Scientific and Useful.

FURNITURE POLISH.—Make a mixture of olive oil one part and vinegar two parts. Apply it to the furniture with a canton-flannel cloth. Rub dry with another cloth of the same material. A housekeeper who uses this polish on the finest varnished furniture says it has no equal.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—In France a very practical use of photography has recently been made. Several persons were imprisoned by the caving in of a wall. A hole was bored, and down this a tube with a camera was slid. The photograph showed the faces of some of the deceased, and demonstrated the uselessness of efforts at rescue.

SWOLLEN FEET.—A German remedy for swollen feet, which should prove useful to policemen, mail carriers, printers and others whose business keeps them on their feet all day, is composed of three parts salicylic acid, ten parts starch, and eighty-seven parts of pulverized soapstone. This, sifted into the shoes and stockings, keeps the feet dry and prevents chafing.

THE WHISTLE PHONOGRAPH.—An inventive genius of Bridgeport (Conn.), has perfected an attachment, in the nature of a phonograph, whereby every blast of the whistle is recorded, together with the exact time at which it occurs. This is in the interest of railway companies, to protect them against false representations by persons who meet with accident on the track.

ELECTRIC WELDING.—By the new process of electric welding the heat is so absolutely localized that a piece of iron three inches long and an inch in diameter can be welded together and then held in the hands for some time without any danger of burning. One special advantage is that by this process those metals like zinc and tin, which melt at very low temperatures, can be welded as well as those which, like iron, require a very much higher heat.

NEW LAUNCH.—A new launch, driven by a motor worked by naphtha, has been introduced in London. An alcohol lamp is used to warm a vaporiser where the naphtha is vaporized and used in lieu of steam. The arrangement is very light—an 18-foot launch, requiring a two-horse-power engine, weighing only about 200 pounds. An eight-horse-power engine weighs about 600 pounds, or about one-fifth the weight of a steam-engine and boiler giving the the same power. Moreover, in about two minutes, the launch can be got under way, and when running at full speed can, it is stated, be stopped in its own length, as the screw, which is three-bladed, can be reversed instantly. A two-horse-power engine consumes less than a gallon of naphtha per hour.

Farm and Garden.

FRUIT.—The use of a small evaporator will save many bushels of fruit. On some farms apples are allowed to fall and remain on the ground. A little extra labor would evaporate them and make them available for winter use.

POULTRY.—Poultry yards should have some kind of shade provided for the hens. Ducks suffer greatly if exposed to the heat of the sun the whole day. A piece of muslin or brush arranged in the corner of the yard, will answer the purpose.

THE PROPER TIME.—All green material, no matter how bulky, will soon decompose if turned under by the plow or covered in the manure heap. Hence, now is the time to turn all green growth that may be unserviceable, such as weeds, etc. If the work be delayed until the frost kills them they will dry on the surface of the ground, become "cured," and decompose very slowly. It is of more value to the soil to turn under the green growth, as it then adds a larger proportion of fertilising material to the soil.

POTASH.—Potash enters largely into the composition of all fruits, and ashes are therefore the best fertilizer for trees and vines. Many diseases, such as, blight, yellows, etc., come from the lack of the necessary elements of growth. As ashes contain not only potash but also lime and phosphoric acid, they form almost a complete fertilizer. Stable manure is not always suitable for orchards, as the decomposing materials sometimes induce disease. The use of mineral fertilizers will prove an advantage at all seasons.

LIME.—Lime may not show its beneficial effects on the soil for a year or two, as the character of the soil must be considered. Lime adds but little valuable plant food to the soil, as all soils contain lime, but its chemical action on the inert matter of the soil liberates other substances that would not otherwise be available. It should be applied as regularly as manure in order to secure its assistance in decomposing the plant food already existing in the soil.

CORNSTALKS, ETC.—Cornstalks, oat, pea, and bean straw, and even the tops of root crops, can be made serviceable if saved at the right time, and a little preparation given them before feeding them to the stock. Nothing that can be turned into a valuable commodity should be sold. Straw and other bulky material may be changed, through the agency of stock, into beef and mutton, when it will then bring a higher price, and leave the manure behind to enrich the farm. Millions of dollars are lost by improper storage of straw and fodder, and a greater loss occurs by not properly preparing it for feeding to stock.

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The Lost Days.

A witty Frenchman said, "We all know that we must die, but none of us believe it." That was apparently a silly speech; but there was never anything more profound said on the subject.

If we believed, if the fact came home to us as something more than a mere phrase, we should lead our lives in a fashion that would change the constitution of society and the future of nations.

We fully recognize the fact which the Frenchman flippantly stated—that no human beings really believe that death is inevitable until the last clasp of the stone-cold king numbs their pulses. Perhaps this insensibility is a merciful gift; at any rate, it is a fact.

If the belief came home with violence to our minds, we should suffer from a kind of vertigo; but the merciful dulness which the Frenchman perceived and mocked in his epigram saves us all the miseries of apprehension.

This is very curiously seen among soldiers when they know that they must go into action. The soldiers chat together on the night before the attack; they know that some of them must go down; they actually go so far as to exchange messages. After confidences of this sort, the men chat on; and we never yet knew or heard of one who did not speak of his own safe return as a matter of course.

When a brigade charges, there may be a little anxiety at first; but the whistle of the first bullet ends all misgivings, and the fellows grow quite merry, though it may be that half of them are certain to be down on the ground before the day is over.

In the fight of life we all behave much as the soldiers do in the crash and hurry of battle. If we reason the matter out with a semblance of logic, we all know that we must move toward the shadows; but, even after we are mortally stricken by disease or age, we persist in acting and thinking as if there were no end.

In youth we go almost further; we are too apt to live as though we were immortal, and as though there were absolutely nothing to result from human action or human inaction.

To the young man and the young woman the future is not a blind lane with a grave at the end; it is a spacious plain reaching away towards a far-off horizon; and that horizon recedes and recedes as they move forward, leaving magnificent expanses to be crossed in joyous freedom. A pretty delusion!

The youth harks onward, singing merrily and rejoicing in sympathy with the mystic song of the birds; there is so much space around him; the very breath of life is a joy; and he is content to taste in glorious idleness the ecstasy of living. The evening closes in, and then the horizon seems to be narrowing; like the walls of the deadly chamber in the story, the skies shrink inward, and the youth has misgivings.

The next day finds his plain shrunken a little in expanse, and his horizon has not so superb a sweep. Nevertheless he goes gaily on, and once more he raises his voice joyously, and tries to think that the plain and horizon can contract no more.

Thus in foolish hopefulness he passes his days until the glorious plain of his dreams has been traversed, and, lo! under his very feet is the great gulf fixed, and far below the tide—the tide of Eternity—laps sullenly against the walls of the deadly chasm.

If the youth knew that the gulf and the rolling river were so near, if he not only knew but could absolutely picture his doom, would he be so merry? Ah, no!

We repeat that, if men could be so disciplined as to believe in their souls that death must come, then there would be no lost days. Is there one of us who can say that he never lost a day amid this too brief, too joyous, too entrancing term of existence? Not one.

When we think of the lost days and the lost lives of which we have cognizance, then it seems as though we were gazing on some vast charnel house, some ghoul-haunted place of skulls. Memories of those who trifled with life come to us, and their very faces flash past us with looks of tragic significance.

By their own fault they were ruined; they were shut out of the garden of their gifts; their city of hope was ploughed over and salted.

The past cannot be retrieved, let canting optimists talk as they choose; what has been has been, and the effects will last and spread until the earth shall pass away. Our acts our angels are, or good or ill; our fatal shadows that walk by us still. The thing done lasts for eternity; the lightest act of man or woman has incalculably vast results.

So it is madness to say that the lost days can be retrieved. They cannot! But by timely wisdom we may save the days and make them beneficent and fruitful in the future.

Once impress upon any teachable creature the stern fact that a day lost is lost forever, once make that belief part of his being, and then he will strive to cheat death.

Perhaps it may be thought that we take sombre views of life. No; we see that the world may be made a place of pleasure, but only by learning and obeying the inexorable laws which govern all things, from the fall of a seed of grass to the moving of the miraculous brain of man.

Ordinary rivers run small at the beginning, grow broader and broader as they proceed, and become widest and deepest at the point where they enter the sea. It is such rivers as the Christian's life is like. But the life of the mere worldly man is like those rivers in Southern Africa, which proceeding from mountain freshets, are broad and deep at the beginning, and grow narrower and more shallow as they advance. They waste themselves by soaking into the sands, and at last they die out entirely. The farther they run, the less there is of them.

Without depth of thought or earnestness of feeling or strength of purpose, living an unreal life, sacrificing substance to show, substituting the fictitious for the natural, mistaking a crowd for society, finding its chief pleasure in ridicule, and exhausting its ingenuity in expedients for killing time, fashion is among the last influences under which a human being who respects himself, or who comprehends the great end of life, would desire to be placed.

Be not too anxious for the few things that life requires; youth is flying rapidly past and beauty is vanishing, while withered age puts to flight amorous play and gentle sleep. The flowers of spring do not retain their bloom, nor does the ruddy moon always shine with the same lustre; why then, O man, dost thou disquiet thyself forever with schemes that are far beyond the power of man?

Men say their pinnacles point to heaven. Why, so does every tree that buds, and every bird that rises as it sings. Men say their aisles are good for worship. Why, so is every mountain glen and rough seashore. But this they have of distinct and indisputable glory, that their mighty walls were never raised, and never shall be, but by men who love and aid each other in their weakness.

The conditions of city life may be made healthy, as far as the physical constitution is concerned; but there is connected with the business of the city so much competition, so much rivalry, so much necessity for industry, that I think it a perpetual, chronic, wholesale violation of natural law. There are ten men that can succeed in the country, where there is one that can succeed in the city.

Children, like dogs, have so sharp and fine a scent that they detect and hunt out everything, the bad before all the rest. They also know well enough how this or that friend stands with their parents; and as they practice no dissimulation whatever, they serve as excellent barometers to observe the degree of favor or disfavor at which we stand with their parents.

The real security of Christianity is to be found in its benevolent morality, in its exquisite adaptation to the human heart, in the facility with which its scheme accommodates itself to the capacity of every human intellect, in the consolation which it bears to every house of mourning, in the light with which it brightens the great mystery of the grave.

Whatever mitigates the woes or increases the happiness of others is a just criterion of goodness; and whatever injures society at large, or any individual in it, is a criterion of iniquity. One should not quarrel with a dog without a reason sufficient to vindicate one through all the courts of morality.

When Anaxagoras was told of the death of his son he only said "I knew he was mortal." So we in all casualties of life should say, "I knew my riches were uncertain, that my friend was but a man." Such considerations would soon pacify us, because all our troubles proceed from their being unexpected.

I never love those salamanders who are never happy but when they are in the fire of contentions. I will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one. I have always found that to strive with a superior is injurious; with an equal, doubtful; with an inferior, sordid and base; with any, full of unquietness.

A little knowledge leads the mind from God. Unripe thinkers use their learning to authenticate their doubts; while unbelief has its own dogma, more peremptory than the inquisitor's. Patient meditation brings the scholar back to humbleness. He learns that the grandest truths appear slowly.

The mere reality of life would be inconceivably poor without the charms of fancy, which brings in its bosom, no doubt, as many vain fears as idle hopes, but lends much oftener to the illusions it calls up a gay flattering hue than one which inspires terror.

Tranquility consisteth in a steadiness of the mind; and how can that vessel that is beaten upon by contrary waves and winds, and tottereth to either part, be said to keep a steady course? Resolution is the only mother of security.

As in geometry, the oblique must be known, as well as the right; and in arithmetic, the odd as well as the even; so in actions of life, who seeth not the filthiness of evil, wanteth a great foil to perceive the beauty of virtue.

There ought to be such an atmosphere in every Christian church that a man going there and sitting two hours should take the contagion of heaven, and carry home a fire to kindle the altar whence he came.

As pills that are outwardly fair, gilt and rolled in sugar, but within are full of bitterness, even so lustful pleasure is no sooner hatched but repentance is at hand, ready to supplant her.

Men willingly believe what they wish to be true.

The World's Happenings.

A man named Soup is building a hotel at Uniontown, W. T.

Attention is being directed in England to the decline in the marriage rate.

Since August of last year there have been upwards of 2000 suicides in Paris.

A cat, which its owner asserts has been in his family since 1847, died at West Baltimore recently.

There are said to be thirteen cottagers at Lenox, Mass., who are worth $130,000,000 in the aggregate.

The French national debt is stated to be the largest in the world—$5,000,000,000; annual interest $204,000,000.

Three hundred thousand people keep bees in America, and the annual product is 103,000,000 pounds of honey.

The Goddess of Liberty in New York harbor is to have new insides. An iron staircase is to be built from her heel to her back hair.

An Emporia, Kan., girl married a man the other day who, according to the local press, "officiates" at one of the popular meat markets of that place.

Because a Texan woman had not $60 ready to pay a discharged laborer, he went into her field and shot seven mules and a horse, that were worth $1200.

An observer must stand 6,667 feet above the level of the sea to discern a vessel one hundred miles distant, and 16,000 when it is distant two hundred miles.

A Boston undertaker recently made a $3000 coffin for one of the Beacon street blue stockings. It was said to be the most costly coffin ever finished and sold in America.

Don't kiss a consumptive. According to a conclusion of the recent International Medical Congress in Paris, osculation may carry the tubercular bacilli in atoms of sputum on the lips.

Four years ago an Atlanta girl and a female associate married into each other's family, the weddings taking place during an elopement. Last week both couples began divorce proceedings.

Two small boys, Tom Ray and W. L. Daggy, of Spencer, Ind., were saved while berrying from the bite of a rattler by their little dog, that took the blow intended for them. The dog died soon afterward.

For some time past a movement has been in progress in St. Louis looking to the introduction of the penny into general use in trade in that city. Hitherto the nickel has been the smallest coin in ordinary use there.

An infant went into spasms on hearing the shrill whistle of a steamer at Bullock's Point, R. I., recently, and died in a short time. The parents threaten to sue for damages, claiming that the whistling was unnecessary.

In the Madrid prison prisoners are allowed out at night occasionally. One, Varela, joined his accomplice outside, engaged in the murder of his mother, divided her money with his pals, and then returned to his cell.

The limited space under many a corner peanut stand in New York, so it is stated, is not only used as a sleeping place by the thrifty Italian owner, but lodgers are taken in, and lie packed like Maine minnows in a French sardine box.

A man down in Dickson county, Tenn., planted watermelons just at the edge of his farm, and the vines ran over into a neighbor's field and produced so many and such large melons that the neighbor is about to sue for trespass.

Lancaster county, Pa., people have been receiving circulars which state that "Hon. W. Vanderbilt" has left $2,000,000 to be divided among poor people in $50 piles. The circulars request the receivers to send $8.50 in order to get the $50.

Among useful novelties is the tea-ball. It is made of silver, hollow and perforated. The tea leaves are placed in the ball, which is then immersed in hot water. The perforations allow the free passage of the tea but do not permit the leaves to escape.

It is said that at horse races in Brazil, South America, professional betters are locked up in rooms with grated windows, from which they make their bets. They are held there until the race is over in order to prevent them from getting away with the stakes.

Dog swimming races are the latest addition to Boston sports. Floats are anchored at a given distance off shore, and from these the canines start, being preceded by their handlers in boats, who urge the animals to do their utmost by holding tempting morsels of food at an unreachable distance.

A Brooklyn car horse got on a rampage and demolished a large plate window, knocked down two children and broke the collar-bone of a third person. As though wanting to "bury his dead" he then made for an undertaker's establishment, which he entered by way of an $100 plate-glass window.

A New Haven lawyer, who fell asleep in his office, didn't awaken until after the entire building had been locked up. By the aid of a telephone he signalled for a ladder with which he escaped from one of the upper windows, though with so much publicity that his attempt to keep the whole affair quiet was foiled.

Robert Harding, a young English Socialist, when he wants to make a speech on the streets or public squares, padlocks himself with a chain to an iron fence or some similar fixture. Then when the police come to take him they have to spend a long time in getting him unfastened, and he can make a pretty long speech before he is carried off.

Exactly a quarter of a century ago one Foreman, then a soldier in the Rebellion, was sentenced to the Missouri Penitentiary for six years for the theft of a horse. During the night he escaped and remained in freedom until the other day, when he was again taken into custody and sent back to Jefferson City to serve out the six years. He claims to have lived within 100 miles of Hannibal ever since he escaped.

HER ANSWER.

BY A. L.

When love is true, it does not need
To pause and wonder what to do;
And ever since you thought of me,
I think that I have thought of you.

And so your words within my heart
Found echoes, swift, and sure, and sweet;
Love's tale is happy when it comes
To lips that can the tale repeat.

And so I take your loyal heart,
And so I take your honest hand,
And you may proudly call me "Wife,"
And give me Love's gold wedding band.

A Little Plush Purse.

BY L. T. O.

IT was 2.30 on a bleak day at the end of April as the up fast train glided round a curve, and came to a standstill at the platform of Orwell Station. At the same moment a lady in a little, two-wheeled cart, drawn by a fast-trotting pony, drove up to the station, and, leaping out, took a ticket, and hurriedly crossed the platform to a first-class carriage, the door of which was held open for her by the station-master himself.

"Will you please see if George is there to take my pony back, Mr. Owen?" she said, as the train moved.

"All right, my lady," and the train dashed on.

Orwell was a small place rather more than half-an-hour from Waterloo, and fast trains only stopped there to accommodate a few aristocratic families who owned large houses in the near neighborhood of the station.

One of these was the Duke of Lochiel, whose eldest daughter, the Lady Victoria Brown, had just narrowly escaped losing her train altogether.

She was a handsome and rather haughty-looking girl of five-and-twenty, with a lot of bright hair elaborately curled and plaited under her little sealskin toque, and handsomely dressed in a close-fitting sealskin jacket and a gown of brown silk and cashmere wonderfully draped at the back in innumerable folds and puffs, according to the fashion of the moment.

The train would not stop again until the tickets were taken just before entering Waterloo Station, and Lady Victoria, who was going up to town to meet her father and take him shopping, after settling her draperies and herself to her satisfaction leant her elbow on the cushion beside her, rested her chin upon her little gloved hand, and gazing out at the wintry fields fell into a deep reverie, without bestowing more than a glance upon her only fellow-traveller, who as studiously devoted herself to the view through the window at the opposite side of the carriage.

She was a girl some four or five years younger than Lady Victoria Brown, with a slight figure, a very sweet oval face, and dark blue eyes full of shyness. She was well but simply dressed in a tailor-made costume of dark cloth, trimmed with fur, and a hat to match, under which her silky brown hair waved softly over her small ears, and was simply knotted behind.

The girls knew each by sight, but that was all.

The one was the Lady Victoria Brown, the daughter of the Duke of Lochiel of Lochiel Manor, Orwell, and half-a-dozen more places.

The other was Jessie Waldron, daily governess to the two daughters of Mr. Beauchamp, stockbroker, of Orwell Park and Throgmorton Street. And both desired to keep the whole length of the first-class compartment between them, one from pride, one from timidity.

Just after the train had rushed through Clapham Junction, a sudden blast of cold air disturbed Lady Victoria's reverie, and involuntarily glancing at her companion, she saw her hastily closing the opposite window, and with a severe look, which she meant as a reproof to Miss Waldron for her want of thought, she turned again to her own side of the carriage and let her thoughts revert to her intended shopping. Would her father be in a generous mood or not?

She put her hand in her pocket for her purse, which contained a small list of articles she must have, and another of things she would like to have.

Her purse was not in her pocket, and with a puzzled expression she stood up and looked in her muff and on the seats. The purse was nowhere to be seen, and Lady Victoria bent down and looked under the seats, and on the floor, and pushed aside the hot water tin with her French kid boot.

Miss Waldron sat silent and self-absorbed in her corner of the carriage, until Lady Victoria, having vainly hunted every other corner of the carriage and of her pocket, touched her on the arm, and bending down said angrily—

"You have taken my purse."

Jessie Waldron sprang to her feet, her sweet face flushing crimson with the suddenness of the charge.

For an instant the two girls stood silently facing each other, their slight figures swaying with the motion of the train, which began just then to slacken speed, and in less than a minute came to a standstill at the ticket platform.

"You must be mad," said Jessie, almost in a whisper.

"No, I am not," replied Lady Victoria, haughtily. "I am absolutely certain that I had the purse in my hand when I entered this compartment. I placed it in my pocket, keeping my ticket in my hand. It is gone. I have hunted everywhere. I shall give you in charge as a pickpocket."

Jessie sank down upon the seat; her trembling limbs refused to support her. She was dazed. Her thoughts had been busy with dreams of her future life—of the years when Lionel Causton should have briefs enough to support a wife.

She had, doing that brief ride, furnished all the rooms of their modest abode at Notting Hill, and was standing at the drawing-room window watching for his return home, ready to fly and open the door to him, when Lady Victoria Brown roused her so rudely from her deep reverie, with her haughty and abrupt accusation.

"You must be mad," Jessie reiterated.

"Tickets, ladies, please."

Lady Victoria turned quickly to the ticket-collector, and stated her loss. The man called the guard, who came and listened deferentially to Lady Victoria's statement and charge against Jessie.

"Excuse me, my Lady; with your permission I'll search the carriage myself."

He waved his green flag, and as the train moved on he stepped into the compartment and searched, as Lady Victoria had searched, every nook and corner, even taking up her Ladyship's little sealskin muff and shaking it well.

No purse was to be found.

Lady Victoria turned her dress pocket inside out.

"You have no other pockets, my Lady?" asked the guard, as the train drew up at Waterloo.

"None. I am quite positive that I had the purse in hand when I entered the carriage, and that I afterwards put it into my pocket. I did not open either door or window until the ticket-collector came. Fetch a policeman, please. I shall give the person in charge."

Lady Victoria spoke angrily, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes.

She stepped from the carriage on to the platform, and Jessie followed, with white cheeks and trembling limbs.

A tall, fair woman in black was standing opposite to their carriage; she stepped forward as Jessie got out of it.

"Oh, mother, I am so glad you are here! A dreadful thing has happened."

And poor Jessie leant against her mother, and would have cried but that she feared to attract a crowd.

"What is it, my dearest?"

Before Jessie could reply, the guard returned with a policeman, and at the same moment a short gentleman, with bright auburn hair and a quick, fussy manner, came bustling up—

"Oh! here you are, Victoria. I thought you had lost the train again. What are you waiting for?"

"I have had my purse stolen, papa; and I believe this young person has taken it, and am giving her in charge."

"Why, bless me! Victoria, that's Beauchamp's pretty governess. You can't give her in charge," said the Duke in an undertone.

"I shall, papa," replied his daughter, calmly. And then she told him rapidly the facts of the case, whilst the policeman stood a few paces off waiting.

"How much had you in your purse?"

"I had three sovereigns, papa, and a diamond ring with one stone loose. One of the sovereigns was a King George, I remember."

The Duke lifted his hat to Jessie.

"This is a very unpleasant business. Will you mind telling us now much you have in purse?"

Jessie handed her purse at once to the Duke.

"I may open it?" he asked.

"Certainly."

Lady Victoria looked eagerly over her father's shoulder.

The purse contained three sovereigns and some silver.

"There, Papa; she has three sovereigns, you see, and one of them is a King George!" exclaimed Lady Victoria, triumphantly.

"But the ring, my dear; anyone might have three sovereigns."

"I believe she threw the ring out of the window. I was sitting almost with my back to her, looking out of my window, until I heard her open the window at the end of the carriage."

"I only threw out a letter that I torn up," said Jessie, with quivering lips.

"It is very unpleasant—very unpleasant indeed," said the Duke. "I do wish you would not lose your things, Victoria. I am afraid we must drive up to Bow Street."

"Jessie," said Mrs. Waldron, quietly, "I will not come with you. I will take another cab and fetch Lionel."

"Oh, do, mother!" and Jessie's pale cheeks flushed with light and hope.

The Duke was a thorough gentleman, kind and considerate.

He did not wish to draw a crowd round his daughter, or to give Jessie more pain than was necessary. He offered her his arm, and led her to a cab, and signed to his daughter to follow.

"Papa, I am not going in the same cab; send the policeman," remonstrated Lady Victoria in a whisper.

"Don't be ridiculous, Victoria; the girl hasn't got small-pox. I am sure she is extremely pretty and lady-like."

"Pickpockets often are, papa, and say it is kleptomania," replied his daughter, scornfully.

"Well, I shall not let her ride through London with a policeman on the box until there is more proof against her than there is at present. I may get in for heavy damages if your charge is a false one, Victoria."

"But it is not, papa. I feel certain she took the purse;" but she stepped into the cab and sat down opposite Jessie, and the two girls drive to Bow Street in silence, the Duke and the policeman following close in a hansom.

The sitting Magistrate was tired and hungry when they arrived, and would have refused to hear the charge had it been preferred by anyone less exalted than the Duke of Lochiel and his daughter.

Lady Victoria had never expected to see anything so novel as the inside of a police-court and a real live sitting Magistrate, and her quick eyes wandered everywhere.

She preferred her charge very clearly and concisely.

She had bought her ticket at Orwell with the last silver she had in her purse, and had entered the compartment with her purse in her hand.

She distinctly remembered placing it in her pocket after she had shut up the window. It contained three sovereigns, one being a King George, a diamond ring, and a little paper of memoranda.

No one was in the carriage but the prisoner, who had opened the window at her end of the carriage for some purpose during the short run.

That was the gist of Lady Victoria's statement.

The Duke then handed over Jessie's purse, and Lady Victoria pointed out that it contained three sovereigns, one of them being a King George.

"A singular coincidence," remarked the Magistrate, "if nothing more. The prisoner must be searched, of course;" and Jessie was conducted to another room, her tears falling fast.

"We can do little more to-day, your Grace," said the Magistrate. "To-day is Friday. I must remand the prisoner until Monday at 10 A. M. Your Grace had better communicate with your solicitors, who will doubtless advise you to have the line searched for the purse and ring."

"Perhaps Mr. Owen may have noticed that I held my purse in my hand," interrupted Lady Victoria.

"Your lawyers will doubtless collect all possible evidence," remarked the Magistrate.

At this moment Jessie returned, pale and trembling, the search having been entirely fruitless, and was told that she was remanded until Monday for the collection of evidence.

"Shall I—shall I have to stay here?" she asked, with terrified eyes.

"Of course."

Jessie sank down on the nearest chair; the prospect of a prison for three long nights was too awful.

Lady Victoria regarded her with an unsympathizing stare, and thought she was acting.

The Duke looked very uncomfortable; the Magistrate was used to it.

Suddenly the door of the room opened hastily, and a gentleman walked in, and with a bow to the Magistrate, who seemed to recognize him, crossed to Jessie and took his stand beside her. It was Lionel Causton.

He was followed by Mrs. Waldron, looking flushed and hurried.

Jessie rose to her feet with a little cry, and involuntarily laid her hand upon his arm, but as instantly withdrew it, and with a drooping face took a step or two away from him.

"I am a prisoner, Lionel."

He smiled; and his face which, if not handsome, was a strong, good face, looked very pleasant when he smiled.

He took her hand, and drew it with gentle determination through his arm.

To Jessie it was as though the sun suddenly shone brightly through a London fog.

Lionel asked to hear the charge, which was repeated to him in as few words as possible.

"May I ask Lady Victoria what kind of purse it was?"

"A little plush purse," she replied.

"If it cannot be found on the line, and has not been found on the—prisoner"—Lionel's voice faltered just a little over that bitter—"what do you suppose can have become of it?"

"She may may have passed it on to the person who met her at Waterloo," replied Lady Victoria, promptly, glancing at Mrs. Waldron, who flushed deeply at being thus drawn into the cargo. "She met her at the very door of the carriage, and I was surprised that the police let her go quietly away. The ring is a valuable one, and may easily have been transferred and pawned by this time."

Lady Victoria certainly possessed a prompt brain and a fertile imagination. The Magistrate looked at her with undisguised admiration.

"You would make a fine detective, my lady," he said, with a smiling inclination of his white head towards the Duke's handsome daughter.

"After all, Victoria," said the Duke, impatiently, "the ring is not worth fifty pounds, and I should be uncommonly glad to pay fifty pounds to be rid of all this disagreeable business. But you are so hot-headed and impulsive; you took the matter into your hands, and made out the whole case right off."

"You will see that I am right, papa," replied his daughter with calm confidence. "I can wait until I am proved right for your approval."

"Well, well, I can't say I want to see you proved right. Come along now; we are wasting all the afternoon over this trumpery ring.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Waldron and Jessie lived in lodgings in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, where they shared a drawing-room and a large bedroom.

Both of them were out the greater part of every day, Jessie at Orwell, and her mother at the British Museum. She was a clever linguist, and for some years had added to their slender income by translating and copying for country scholars who could not themselves frequent the British Museum Reading-room.

It was 8 o'clock on Friday evening, and Mrs. Waldron and Jessie had just finished the mockery of dining.

The Magistrate had consented to let Jessie out on bail; and Lionel had, after a slight delay, arranged the bail for her. It was some mitigation of her misery to be at home, able to talk everything over with her mother and with her lover, whom she was expecting every minute.

The room looked bright and elegant, with flowers and ferns in the window, a bright fire reflected in the red-tiled hearth, a bookcase well filled with choice books, and Jessie's pretty black-and-gold piano across one corner.

Mrs. Waldron lay on a couch near the fire.

She was tall and fair, with soft rippling hair that needed no cap, and bright, gentle blue eyes, and she retained the soft, unwrinkled complexion of a calm nature. But her usually placid face was sad and ruffled now, as she lay and watched the restless pacing to and fro of Jessie, who looked still more slight and girlish divested of her outdoor jacket, and clad in a simple, close-fitting dress of dark cashmere, with deep bands of soft dark plush at neck and wrists, which enhanced the whiteness of her slender throat and

little hands.

"Mother, I should have gone mad alone in a prison cell to-night."

"My darling, don't think of it. Thank Heaven you are not there. I should have gone mad too, I think," and Mrs. Waldron rose from her sofa aimlessly. She was tired out, but too restless and uneasy to remain still long. She crossed to an armchair and sat down in it, and presently Jessie came and knelt beside her, and laid her little shining head on her mother's shoulder.

"Mother, what should I have done without you and Lionel? Anyone might be accused as I am. What in the world would a friendless girl do who had to go to prison?"

"Oh, my dearest, don't excite yourself about supposing things. People have been falsely accused from the beginning of time—accused of every possible crime, from pilfering to murder—and such things will go on to the end of the world. Some triumph and prove their innocence, and some die of the shame and misery."

"Which shall I do, I wonder, mother?" and Jessie leaned her elbows on her mother's lap and lifted an earnest, troubled face to hers.

Mrs. Waldron took the sweet face between her hands and pressed a long, loving kiss upon her forehead, but made no reply in words, her heart was too full.

"Even if I triumph and prove my innocence, mother, Lady Victoria's hasty accusation must crush my whole future. I can never, never marry Lionel now."

"Never marry Lionel, child! Why not?"

Before Jessie could answer, there was a rapid double knock at the front door, and she rose hastily from her knees, and stood beside the fire with beating heart and her color coming and going fitfully.

Another minute, and her lover entered the room.

How easily life would be if those broad shoulders might stand always, as she had hoped they would, between her and the world! But now——

She gave him both her hands in silence, and, still holding them, he sat down on the sofa, and drew her down beside him.

"Now, my dearest, tell me all about it, if you are not too tired. I am absolutely determined to overthrow that holty-tolty young lady of title. I believe her father would be delighted."

"Oh, Lionel"—and Jessie smiled, spite of her troubled mind—"it would be nice; but I see no chance of it."

"I do," he replied, confidently. "I am a resolute man, as you know, Jessie, and I am resolved to find out the truth, the real truth, and nothing but the truth."

He sat beside her like a tower of strength, his steady, resolute brown eyes gazing straight into her troubled ones. She began to feel something like courage rise up in her heart.

"Did you not notice my lady's movements at all in the carriage, Jessie? Did you see her put her purse in her pocket?"

"No, Lionel, I saw nothing. We were both anxious to keep as far apart as possible. She gazed out of her window, and I gazed out of mine. Besides, Lionel, I never thought of her; I was—I was absorbed in castle-building."

Lionel bent his curly brown head and kissed the blushing cheek nearest to him, and Jessie went on—

"I had a note of Mrs. Beauchamp's in my muff—some instructions about the girls' studies—and without noticing what I was doing, I tore it all to pieces; so I opened the window and threw out the bits not to litter the carriage, and she says I threw out her purse and ring."

"We must find those pieces and put them together," said Lionel.

"Oh, it is impossible, Lionel; they were tiny pieces, and the wind was so strong it carried them right away."

Lionel frowned and lapsed into deep thought.

"Will you go to Orwell to-morrow?" he asked.

"What for?" she asked, looking startled and scared.

"To Beauchamp Park, I mean."

"No; the girls are going out to-morrow. I could not have gone in any case. I can never face those railway porters again. Mother will write to Mr. Beauchamp, as, of course, I cannot go on Monday; and besides he is sure to hear."

"I will fetch my desk and write now," said Mrs. Waldron.

Jessie sat very still for some minutes after her mother left the room, her lips compressed tightly together, as if she were nerving herself to a painful effort.

Lionel was racking his brain to find a way out of the meshes which had been thrown over his betrothed.

Neither to mother nor lover had the possibility of the accusation being true ever occurred for the briefest instant.

Presently Jessie drew her hand from Lionel's clasp and rose and stood opposite to him on the other side of the fire, with one white hand resting on the mantelpiece, for she was trembling all over.

"Lionel," she began, and there was a pathetic quiver in her voice which made him raise his head with startled look, "there can be nothing more between us after this. I must give you up—I must set you free. I can never, never be your wife."

And her little glossy head drooped low to hide her tearful eyes.

"My darling, trouble is turning your dear little brain," said Lionel, rising, and crossing towards her.

"Don't touch me, Lionel, please," she said, putting out her hand to stop him; "or I shall not have courage to go on."

But Lionel paid no heed. He only took the outstretched hand in one of his, and, placing the other arm round her, drew her close to him with a strength she could not resist even had she wished, and what girl would wish?

As well say her say there, with that strong, firm arm to support her slight trembling form. And she had thought so certainly that she would have it all her life.

"I shall take you straight off to church to-morrow morning, if you are foolish, Jessie; a special licence and a wedding trip are more than we can either of us afford just now, but I shall get into debt recklessly, if you take absurd ideas into your head."

"It has been in my mind ceaselessly, Lionel, from the first. When you are Lord Chancellor—and you are certain to be one day—people will write notices of you, and ask whom you married; and, Lionel, think if anyone raked up the story that your wife—your wife, Lionel—was once accused of common theft, and searched in a police-station!"

And Jessie buried her face in her hands, and sobbed helplessly.

"My darling love—don't; you break my heart," said Lionel, putting his other arm round her and kissing her with passionate tenderness. "Do you think I would lose you to win a woolsack, or a throne even? I would rather throw up my profession and take you out to the Colonies. We are just the sort of couple to flourish out there. Young, healthy, and energetic, with both our heads set on the right way—at least generally," he added. "Yours has got a little crooked this evening," and he stopped to look into her face to try and make her smile again; but it was a very pathetic smile he got, almost sadder than tears.

"My name will be in all the papers, Lionel," she whispered.

"No, it won't darling," he answered promptly. "You forget I am only half a barrister at present, and half a journalist. I know all the reporters pretty well, and can at least save you that. And now, Jessie, understand, come weal, come woe, come friend, come foe, you and I can never part. In England, or in America, or in Timbuctoo, if necessary, we fight the battle of life in hand."

She raised her eyes to his with a world of love and trust in them, but shook her head doubtfully.

"I am not convinced, Lionel; but we will wait until—until after Monday."

* * * * * *

That fateful Monday was long in coming, and yet at last it arrived all too soon.

Lionel spent the interval in a ceaseless hunt for evidence. He went to Waterloo and inspected the first-class compartment in which the girls had travelled, but of course he found nothing.

He went to Orwell and talked to the station-master; he walked every inch of the way to Waterloo, accompanied by a platelayer, who was instructed to keep a look-out for a plush purse. Lionel himself chose the side on which Lady Victoria would have dropped her purse out of the carriage.

If it was on the line at all, it would be on that side, he knew. But he discovered nothing, and Monday found him jaded and anxious, but still resolute and watchful—keenly, phenomenally watchful.

Monday dawned chill and foggy. Jessie felt devoutly thankful for that fog, as she jolted down Endell Street in a four-wheeled cab with her mother.

There would not be many spectators in Court. All who could would stay at home on such a day.

The suspense and misery of the last two days had told upon Mrs. Waldron and Jessie; they both looked pale and depressed, and their eyes told tales of sleepless nights.

The morning's post had brought a letter from Mr. Beauchamp with a cheque for what was owing to Jessie and £25 added, a quarter's salary, in lieu of notice. His letter was kind, but hard. He regretted much the mistake (underlined) for which Miss Waldron was suffering, but under the circumstances he was sure Mrs. Waldron would agree with him that it would be desirable to find another companion for his daughters.

"Of course, mother, it is very natural: porters would point me out to each other, and that would not be nice for his girls when they travel with me," said Jessie. "I wonder if Lady Victoria realises how she has ruined my life."

"She thinks she is right, dear one; she does not know you as we do. I wish some light would break on the mystery; it is most mysterious. But see, here we are, and here is Lionel."

The cab stopped, and Lionel opened the door and almost lifted Jessie out and hurried her inside.

"Courage, my own love," he whispered, as he felt how she was trembling on his arm.

"Oh, Lionel, shall I ever have courage to stand up before them all?"

"If it is humanly possible, I will save you from it, my darling," he said, passionately.

"Heaven bless you, Lionel. You have learnt nothing?"

"Nothing—as yet."

It was more than an hour before their case was called, the longest hour Jessie had ever known.

During all that time she sat silent, with every nerve strained to the utmost pitch of intensity; and when the summons came and she rose to obey it, her knees gave way beneath her, and she sank at her mother's feet in a dead faint for the first time in her life.

"Let the charge proceed," said the Magistrate, when he was told what had happened; "she will revive presently."

He was sorry for the pretty young girl who had been brought before him so hastily on Friday.

He knew Mr. Causton slightly as a young barrister of sense and energy; also he did not want to waste his own time or keep a Duke and his daughter waiting any longer.

The Lady Victoria Brown was first called, and stated her charge, word for word, as she had stated it on Friday.

She had since seen the station-master at Orwell, and he could swear that she held her muff in one hand and her purse—a little plush purse—in the other when she spoke to him about her pony just before she raised the window.

Lionel's burning eyes never left her face as she spoke.

She looked very proud and handsome, and he saw as yet no clue to this blinding mystery.

"Could your pocket have been picked, do you think, without your knowledge in any but a crowded carriage?" asked the Magistrate. "There was only one other occupant, I believe."

"Oh, yes, of course it could," replied Lady Victoria, haughtily, "by clever fingers. I sat nearly all the time looking out of window with my back to—to the—other occupant, and pockets are so far back nowadays, amongst the draperies, you know."

A light leaped into Lionel's face as she uttered these words, and a hope into his heart—a hope so sudden and so strong that for a brief instant it stopped the action of that important organ, and made him, strong man as he was, feel dizzy.

He might save his little love even yet the dreaded ordeal. He rose to his feet.

"I should like to ask the witness one or two questions on behalf of my client. Are you wearing the dress that you had on when you lost the purse?"

Lady Victoria glanced down reflectively at her costume before she answered—

"Yes; I believe I am."

"Has it occurred to your ladyship to search those numerous folds and draperies in the region of your pocket? I have known handkerchiefs mislaid in that way."

As Lionel spoke very quietly and distinctly, with his eyes fixed on Lady Victoria, a spasm almost of fear crossed her face.

Lionel held his breath with the intensity of his hope and anxiety.

Mechanically, as if in a dream, Lady Victoria put her hand to her pocket, but before she could do more her father was beside her, and had passed his hand rapidly over the folds of her stylish dress. He lifted one fold for his daughter's inspection.

"What is this, Victoria?" he asked, in an angry whisper. "I believe you have made arrant fools of us all, and nearly ruined a young lady's character."

And so it proved.

In one of the many folds of cashmere draped so skilfully at the back of Lady Victoria's gown lay the little plush purse which had caused so much trouble.

I will draw a veil over her ladyship's public humiliation and her father's righteous wrath as they drove away together.

It was a piquante comedy for the court.

It had been a serious tragedy for Jessie.

Happy Jessie! The fortunate fainting fit had saved her from what she had dreaded more than anything.

Before she recovered, her innocence was proved, and her presence in the public court never required.

The Duke and Lionel between them managed to keep all mention of the affair out of the newspapers.

With perfectly morbid dread, Jessie bought piles of the daily papers and searched their columns; but her name never appeared, and gradually she recovered her old gaiety, and could even laugh over Lady Victoria's ridiculous discomfiture.

About a week later, an evening post brought a letter to Mrs. Waldron.

The handwriting was unknown to her. The envelope was thick and large, and was sealed with a signet ring.

"Open it, mother," exclaimed Jessie, eagerly; and Mrs. Waldron opened it.

It contained a cheque for £500, and the following note from the Duke of Lochiel:—

"DEAR MADAM,—I have scarcely the courage to address you after my daughter's unwarrantable charge against Miss Waldron. I can only tender you both my sincere apologies for the foolish mistake. I hear your daughter is going to be married, and venture to enclose a little wedding present. It represents but a tithe of my gratitude to Mr. Causton for giving me the whip hand of Lady Victoria for the rest of my days on earth.—Faithfully yours,

"LOCHIEL."

Mother and daughter were still staring in amazement at the cheque, which seemed wealth to them, when they heard Lionel's knock at the door. In another moment he entered the room in boisterous spirits.

"Well, Jessie," he exclaimed, without waiting to hear their news, "your misery has made my fortune. We can be married this summer."

"What do you mean, Lionel?"

"I got a seventy guinea brief to-day from Messrs. Hanby, Parnell, and Co. They are the Duke's solicitors. I believe he is quite grateful to me for having overthrown the mighty Lady Victoria in such fashion."

"He is, Lionel; read," said Mrs. Waldron, whilst Jessie waltzed gaily round the room. "His gratitude will furnish both house and trousseau."

"And income, I hope," added Lionel. "He has any amount of influence."

Don't.

BY E. W. P.

AUNT SPENLEIGH was somewhat "an eccentric." Sensible, with the kindest, best meaning of hearts; yet, I must confess, though I would not say a word against her, peculiar or eccentric.

I was just ten when my father, my surviving parent, died, and good aunt Spenleigh took me to her home, there to bring me up as her heir, and treated me as kindly and fondly as if I had been her own son.

We two got on exceedingly well together. I liked, and never interfered in, her eccentric habits, and she never let them interfere with me.

On reaching man's estate, however, or the threshold of it, there arose a mild subject of contention, or perhaps I should say difference, namely, my marriage.

To see me "settled comfortably," as my aunt termed it, was the one wish of her existence, which seemed the more singular as she had never "settled" herself.

Not that she might not have done so, having had, as I knew, two or three exceedingly good offers, but she had graciously refused all. It was not because she had any objection to matrimony generally—as her desire to see me a Benedict proved—but she expressed the opinion that a woman who had a pleasant home and comfortable fortune did not need to marry.

It was different with men; there could be no home for them without a woman presided over it, consequently they ought to seek a wife.

The truth was, I believe, the old, old story. Dear aunt Spenleigh, once a pretty, sprightly girl, had loved—loved one who had been drowned at sea—and her heart was too devoted to that past memory ever to feel affection again.

It had not soured her; it had made her, I imagine, more gentle-hearted, but, as years had increased, eccentric.

"My dear Fred, she remarked, when conversing upon the matter, "my desire is to see you happy with a wife you love, then I should die, when my hour comes, contented."

"All in good time, my dear aunt," I rejoined. "The future holds my fate as it does the rest of the world's."

"Exactly, Fred; only I am anxious to know what that fate is."

For that one purpose, in every pretty, amiable girl who crossed my aunt's path she beheld a probable life-partner for me. At once she would give pleasant little tea parties, even Cinderella dances, whereat the young lady would be a *feted* guest, and aunt Spenleigh would expatiate on her attractions to me during our *tete-a-tete* meals.

Then after awhile would come the monosyllabic query:

"Well, Fred?"

"It's no good, aunt. The young lady is charming," was my habitual response. "Happy will be the man who calls her wife; but if he appeared to-morrow and whisked her off like Young Lochinvar, I should eat my dinner with a good appetite and sleep soundly."

"Well, then, we must wait and try again; she is certain to come at last."

"You know, my dear aunt, the advice Punch gave to those about to marry?" I laughed. "Don't."

"Punch! Fudge!" exclaimed aunt Spenleigh. "Didn't Punch marry Judy? Wasn't the writer of that advice a married man? I'll answer he was, and should like to have had his wife's opinion."

But finally aunt Spenleigh grew irritated at my lack of amorousness.

"Tut, tut, tut!" she ejaculated, when again I had refused. "You must be very hard to please. Pray try to be more considerate, my dear Fred. Think how much I desire it."

"My dear aunt," I ejaculated, really moved, for I knew she was in earnest, and I remembered all her kindness, "I like Miss Emerson—I admire her. If it will really please you, I will woo her, win her if I can. Who knows, affection may come——"

"You do not love her!" broke in my aunt.

"No, aunt," I replied; "I confess I do not love her."

Aunt Spenleigh, wheeling sharply round on her chair, confronted me with an expression, more indignant than I had ever seen on her face before.

"You do not love her," she cried, "and yet you would do the poor girl the cruel injustice of wedding her—of deceiving her? Listen to me, Fred. I regard you as fondly as if you were my own son, but I would rather have you die a bachelor than marry without love; and if I ever knew you did so, not a penny of mine should find its way into your purse."

One morning, when there was no particular young lady on the *tapis*, looking up from my newspaper, as we sat at breakfast, I perceived my aunt regarding one of her letters, which she had just opened, with drawn brows and an expression of much sadness. Another glance showed me that the letter had a black border.

"What is the matter, aunt?" I asked. "No bad news, I hope."

"I'm sorry to say yes," she answered.

"This letter is from Mabel Crofts, enclosing one from her mother—my old schoolfellow and oldest friend—written on her death-bed. As girls, Susan Bembridge and I were like sisters," proceeded my aunt, reflectively; "but she went as governess to India (for she was poor), and there wedded a lieutenant as poor as herself. Her only excuse was she did it for love. On his death she settled in Germany, using her education as her support. I have been able to help her occasionally, and now, on her death-bed, she asks me to befriend her child."

"And you will, of course, aunt. I never knew an appeal of such a description ever made to you that you refused."

"I'm not sure of that," said aunt Spenleigh, with a faint smile. "But, of course, I shall help the poor child; the question is—how? I suppose she can teach; I must get her a governess engagement, if I can."

"How old is she?" I inquired.

"Let me see, Mabel must be nineteen or twenty. Well," rising from her chair, "I must think it over."

I did not see my aunt again until luncheon, when she said:

"Fred, I have decided to ask Mabel Crofts here for a time; I shall then see what she is like. If she resemble her mother, she must be a pretty, charming girl—and—well, some young fellow might take a fancy to her, and marriage would be better than teaching."

My heart fell; I groaned in spirit; I saw it plainly. There was about to be another attempt to transform me into a Benedict. A trial was approaching worse than all those preceding, as the young lady was to reside under the same roof.

"There is but one obstacle," proceeded my aunt, rising and beginning to walk up and down the room, her hands behind her back, man fashion, as was her habit when thinking; "and that, Fred, is you."

"I, aunt? How?" I asked, feeling the moment had arrived.

"Why, Mabel Crofts is of a marriageable age, she may be pretty—and I fear——"

"Fear?"

"Yes. My meaning, Fred, is this. If Mabel Crofts comes here don't fall in love with her."

"Don't!" I repeated, with a keen enjoyable sense of emancipation.

"Exactly—don't! I don't wish it!"

"Then, aunt, I am not to regard her as those other young ladies, who——" I began smilingly.

"Certainly not!" interrupted aunt Spenleigh, decisively; "the cases are totally different. If I were sure you would not fall in love with the girl, I should not hesitate a moment in asking her here, and making her as comfortable as I can."

"Then be sure, my dear aunt!" I exclaimed. "Do not hesitate a moment. You have lifted a great weight off my mind. We will both try to make her comfortable."

Aunt Spenleigh regarded me curiously.

"I am glad that you say that, Fred. I now shall write at once for her to come."

To my aunt's letter Mabel Crofts replied promptly, thanking her and accepting her kind invitation. She would arrive at Violet Bank in a month's time, being for that period on a visit to a German friend.

"That is well," said my aunt. "By then she will have got over her first grief."

For the next month the chief topic of conversation was the advent of Mabel Crofts.

My aunt recalled her old school-girl friendship with Susan Bembridge, expatiated on her virtues, and expressed her desire to do all she could to make the orphan girl's visit pleasant; which I, recollecting her assurance, aware my actions would not be falsely construed, gladly seconded.

The spare bedroom was brightened up by women-folk, while I nailed on the walls some prettily-framed chromos, and hung a swing book-case, which I stocked from my own library.

Well, Mabel Crofts arrived. At my aunt's request I took the pony-carriage to the station to meet her.

"You're sure to know her," she said. "It is not likely that two young ladies of about nineteen dressed in deep mourning will arrive at Stockington on the same train."

I own it was with some curiosity I looked along the line of cars as they rushed up to, and halted at the platform.

The first thing I saw was a small hand trying to turn the handle of a first-class car-door. Before I reached it the owner of the hand had alighted, and was looking round in a rather bewildered, nervous fashion.

She was of medium height, with a slight, graceful figure. She wore no veil, and the golden lustre of her hair contrasted powerfully with the sombre sable of her attire.

"Miss Crofts, I believe?" I said, raising my hat.

She lifted a pair of clear, large, beautiful gray eyes to mine a half startled, half curiously, and seemed to shrink a little as she replied, just audibly:

"Yes."

"Allow me to introduce myself," I went on. "I am Miss Spenleigh's nephew, whom she has honored with the pleasant commission to see you safely to Violet Bank."

"Oh, thank you—you are very good indeed!" she murmured.

Again she looked at me, startled, nervous—yet, poor little thing! with two pearly tears suffusing those gray eyes.

"The chaise is waiting," I remarked cheerfully, to put her at her ease. "Let me place you in it, then I'll see to your luggage."

Having ordered the latter to be sent up, I joined Mabel Crofts and soon was driving through the country lanes, making polite queries as to her journey.

By degrees she got less nervous, and talked more freely. I could not tell whether she resembled her mother, but she was decidedly pretty. It was a face that grew upon one.

It was better than handsome. A face evidently in sympathy, and in constant communication with a warm, earnest, pure heart.

I scanned it frequently as we drove, and was glad when the gray, truthful eyes were raised to mine.

On reaching Violet Bank, my aunt met Mabel Crofts with an almost motherly effusion—a welcome that moved the orphan girl to tears, when my aunt bore her away to her own room.

When she joined me in the drawing-room, she asked in her abrupt fashion:

"Well, what do you think of her?"

"She is a pretty, tender little thing," I rejoined. "I think we may make a very comfortable trio."

"You are not much struck by her beauty?"

"I do not call her beautiful. She is better—pretty, amiable, and pure womanly."

"Ah, that's well. I see you're not in love with her. She is not Mrs. Right."

"No, indeed," I laughed. "When is she coming down?"

As I spoke, Mabel Crofts entered. She looked younger and prettier yet without her hat.

"Well, my dear, what do you think of your room?" asked my aunt.

"Oh, madam," she replied, earnestly, with the most fascinating manner, "it is charming! it is lovely! Ah, you are so good!"

"You must thank my nephew for the pictures and books," remarked my aunt. "And he deserves thanks, for he took an infinite deal of trouble."

"My dear aunt," I exclaimed, coloring a little, confused, as Mabel Crofts turned her eyes full of timid thanks towards me, "pray do not seek to put Miss Crofts under an obligation. The 'infinite trouble' was 'an infinite pleasure,' I can assure her."

"You are so good—all so good," murmured the girl, tears in her voice and eyes.

But Mabel Crofts was not of a lachrymose, emotional nature, let it be understood. When she got accustomed to us she could laugh quite gaily, while her smile was one of her chief charms.

She was an excellent walker, hence I deputed myself her companion and guide to the many spots worth visiting in our neighborhood.

Before a week was out we had got on a footing almost cousinly, and I had owned that Mabel was a decided acquisition to Violet Bank.

Before a fortnight I had decided that, had I had a sister, I should have liked her just the pattern of Mabel Crofts.

About this time I observed my aunt had fallen into the habit of watching me suspiciously, grimly. It made me a trifle irritated.

"Doesn't she think she can trust me?" I reflected. "How absurd!"

One evening much later, when we had returned from a walk which had been prolonged until the moon rose, on Mabel's going upstairs to remove her hat, my aunt said:

"My dear Fred, recollect I rely upon your promise. Moonlight strolls are dangerous things. Remember—don't."

"Really you need have no fear," I rejoined, somewhat testily.

"I am glad of that. Still," she added, "it's wise always to make certain. Besides, I must consider Mabel's happiness as well as yours, Fred. I'm afraid the life here is growing too pleasant. She will find it hard going back to work, so I believe I have an engagement for her. If it suits, she will leave in a month. Don't say anything about it to her yet, Fred, until I am certain."

I answered something, I don't quite know what, as I stepped again out on the terrace.

Mabel Crofts going away! The intelligence had come like a blow. Aunt Spenleigh had never hinted that she was even contemplating finding her a situation.

I never knew how happy her presence had made Violet Bank until I heard this possibility of her soon leaving it.

Lighting a cigar, I went on to the lawn. All my nerves seemed jarred.

"Going back to work."

She so young, so pretty and gay, to have to tone her spirits down to the drudgery of teaching! What wonder if she did find it hard!

After all aunt Spenleigh need not be in so great a hurry to get rid of the girl. She had made Mabel call her aunt. It was not like an aunt to try to get rid of her so soon.

I fretted and I pined, but half conscious of my own heart as I paced the lawn, until, lifting my eyes, I saw that a little piece had gone out of the moon. In a moment I was in the veranda, summoning my aunt and Mabel.

"We forgot all about the eclipse," I said. "Come out and see it."

They came at once and we had seats out on the veranda to watch, talking learnedly of the penumbra, umbra, node, and the like; but with me ever remained the knowledge that Mabel was going away.

When the broad dark shadow was moving off again, aunt Spenleigh, saying she had seen enough, went in as it was chilly, and Mabel and I took to strolling on the lawn.

Suddenly she stopped, saying:

"Look now. It is nearly gone."

I did look, but not at the moon. I looked upon Mabel's sweet, upturned face, upon which the silver rays fell with softening touch.

Never had I thought it sweeter, the gray eyes more beautiful! And she was going away to drudgery. No, by Heaven, not if he could prevent it!

"Mabel," I said, taking her hand, and what I said after that I imagine may be guessed. If not, the following will show.

Twenty minutes later I entered the drawing-room alone.

"Is the eclipse over?" inquired my aunt.

"Not quite," I answered.

I had come in to make a confession, and would not hesitate.

"Aunt, when I spoke to you just now in respect to Mabel Crofts, I spoke in all good faith and as I believed; but your announcement of her being about to leave us opened my eyes to the real state of things."

"You don't mean——" began my aunt, sharply; "but go on, speak for yourself."

"I will, aunt. I don't know what you will say, but I love Mabel Crofts."

"I say," exclaimed aunt Spenleigh, "that you young men are like the Irishman's pig!"

"How do you mean?" I asked, smiling, but astonished.

"Why, that one has only to drive you one way for you to go another," she answered. "I introduced to you half a dozen pretty girls, and you would not look at one of them. I introduce you to another, and bid you not love her, and at once you lose your heart. I guessed how it would be, and am very glad, my dear Fred, my plan has succeeded."

"My dear aunt, I still am mystified."

"Pshaw! Well, when I got the letter from poor Susan, I decided that Mabel should be your wife. So that you might not refuse I said 'Don't,' but I really meant—it was part of my plan you see—'Do.' Still, if now I say 'Do,' you say 'Don't,' Mabel can go back to work," she concluded, with a bright twinkle.

"It's rather *infra dig.*," I remarked, "to have it thought I have been tricked into loving my darling, but I am too happy to argue, so long, dear aunt, as you do not, when I ask you to take Mabel for your niece, say 'I won't.'"

"My dear boy," she smiled, pleasantly, "only try me."

INHUMAN TRAFFIC.—The following is Stanley's sketch of a Congo slave pen:

There are rows upon rows of black nakedness, relieved here and there by the white dresses of the captors. There are lines or groups of naked forms, upright, standing or moving about listlessly; naked bodies are stretched under the shed in all positions; naked legs innumerable are seen in the perspective of prostrate sleepers; there are countless naked children, many mere infants, forms of boyhood and girlhood, and occasionally a drove of absolutely naked old women, bending over baskets of fuel, or cassava tubers, or bananas, who are driven through the moving groups by two or three musketeers.

On paying more attention to details, I observed that mostly all were fettered: youths with iron rings around their necks, through which a chain, like one of our boat chains, is rove, securing the captives by twenties. The children over ten are secured by three copper rings, each ringed leg brought together by the central ring, which accounts for the apparent listlessness of movement I observed on first coming in presence of the curious scene.

The mothers are secured by shorter chains, around whom their respective progeny of infants are grouped, hiding the cruel iron links that fall in loops or festoons over their mammas' breasts. There is not one adult man captive among them.

Little, perhaps, as my face betrayed my feelings, other pictures would crowd upon the imagination; and, after realising the extent and depth of the misery presented to me, I walked about as in a kind of dream, wherein I saw through the darkness of the night the stealthy forms of the murderers creeping towards the doomed town, its inmates all asleep, and no sounds issuing from the gloom but the drowsy hum of chirping cicadas or distant frogs—when suddenly flashes the light of brandishing torches; the sleeping town is involved in flames, while volleys of musketry lay low the frightened and astonished people, sending many through a short minute of agony to that soundless sleep from which there will be no waking."

THE WARM-BLOODED ESKIMO.—Whenever these cold proof mortals of the north find themselves so far away from home that they cannot conveniently reach it before late at night, they build a small snow house (snow kennel would be a better name for it,) crawl in and shut the door—which is of a block of snow—pull their arms out of the sleeves of their reindeer coats, having previously put the hoods of the coats well round their heads and ears, fold their arms across their bare breasts, with a block of snow under their head, and go to sleep and snore away apparently as comfortable as if they were in a first-class hotel. The only time they object to this light and airy system of sleeping out of nights is when a long or hard day's work has created a generous flow of perspiration, and especially in the reindeer stockings. If they be wet from this cause there is considerable risk to even the warm-blooded Eskimo of getting his toes badly nipped.

HIS FRIEND REARRANGED IT.—"What's the matter with your face?" asked one of another, whose countenance looked like a railroad map.

"Oh, nothing much," was the reply. "A friend of mine with whom I had an argument said he didn't like it the way it was, and rearranged it differently for me."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Among the gifts presented to Emperor Francis Joseph on the occasion of his 58th birthday was a representation of a double eagle composed of 15,000 beetles belonging to numerous species, found in Austria-Hungary, and displaying all manner of hues. Beside the emblem are the names of the imperial family, printed in characters likewise composed of beetles. The donor is a gardener, and it took him, with the assistance of friends in all parts of the empire, two years to collect the insects; their arrangement occupied him for three-quarters of a year.

A delightful story has lately been told of a certain young lady who went to a prominent jeweler and asked to look at some diamond earrings, saying that her father meant to give her some. After looking at them, she selected a pair, and begged to take them home on approbation. The next day she returned the earrings in person and said her father did not choose to buy. The jeweler expressed his regret, adding that he had seen her at a certain fashionable reception the previous evening, wearing those very earrings, and they were most becoming to her.

Judge Anderson, says an Atlanta, Ga. paper, "will have a remarkable character to deal with to-day. Her name is Mary Goodwin. She is a negro woman, and was arrested for fighting. She is the youngest of thirty-seven children and the mother of twenty-seven. She is still a young woman, that is to say, she is decidedly younger than you would expect to find her. She gives her own age as 38, and doesn't seem to be a great deal, if any, older. She says she has her children's names down in a book, but can't remember all of them. Two of them are named George Washington.

Everybody knows that there is a "latest fashion" in Paris for canine pets as well as for their fair owners. The favorites are bedecked with collars and even bracelets. The latest fashion in collars is a strip of reddish-brown leather, with gold knobs and garnished with little bells. There is no special pattern for the bracelets, which are prepared according to the whims of fanciers of the dog-owners. Some of the poodles wear collars of nickel made to resemble pearl necklaces. And other doting dog-fanciers go so far as to endow them with gold and silver collars and bracelets with real pearls and rubies.

The latest "amusement" at Brussels is rising on "The Railroad of Love," or the "Topsy-turvy" railway. It consists of an enormous barrel grooved so as to run upon a set of rails which slope in the middle. On each side of the barrel is a seat, and on each seat three passengers sit being strapped around the waist and having their feet in straps, while with their hands they hold on the seats. The barrel is set in motion and goes down the incline and up the other side, the passengers turning around with it. The journey is a short one, the barrel rolling completely over only four times, and then stopping "with its passengers seated right side up again." The fare is 10 cents.

Among the many new drugs which have been introduced, none is more extraordinary in its effects than the milk of the papaw tree. The papaw tree is a curious tropical American growth the ripe fruit of which is used in the manufacture of sauce, and the leaves of which afford a capital substance for soap. But the juice is the most valuable product of the tree. It has the power of softening the toughest meat. It should, therefore be a boon to cooks and a good friend to boarding-house keepers. "No more tough steaks" is the cry, too, which make the fortune of the proprietor of a city eating house. When you have only ten minutes in which to demolish a piece of meat which, if you did not know better, you would be apt to mistake for cooked leather, a dash of papaw milk should be the very thing.

Several years ago some performing fleas were exhibited. Recently an advertisement for 10 000 live fleas appeared in the papers. The advertisement was inserted by the man who had trained the aforesaid performers. He desired to replenish his company; and, as only about one flea in a thousand is capable of being taught anything, it was necessary to acquire a good stock of raw material. The required number was not obtained, but 8,000 fleas was received, and $50 was paid for the parcel. One would have thought that the lively flea was about the least marketable of creatures; yet there are not many things, animate or inanimate, which are absolutely valueless. Even the egg-like cocoons of the black ant are in great demand in Holland, where liqueur is flavored with them. People who drink that stuff do not always know how it is made.

THEY were at the front gate in the moonlight, and he had asked her to be his wife. With outstretched arms and a throbbing heart he awaited her answer. "George," she said, in a nervous whisper; "you must give me time—you must give me time." "How long" he hoarsely asked, "a day, a week, a month, a year?" "No, no, George," and she quickly scanned the sky, "only until the moon gets behind the cloud."

Our Young Folks.

OLD MOTHER APPLES.

BY T. B. C.

"I SAY, Billy," cried a ragged urchin to his elder brother. "I say, look at 'Old Mother Apples.' I'm going to have a bit of fun with her, you'll see."

"You'd better mind yourself," Ted, said Billy. "'Old Mother Apples' isn't the kind of woman to play tricks on, I can tell ye. If the inspector sees you he won't like it; and she won't."

"I don't care," said Ted, who was a bold, brave little lad. "He can't eat me!"

"No, he won't eat you, but he may beat you," said Billy quietly; "and there's the police too."

But Ted had made up his mind to have some fun with "Old Mother Apples," as he called her. She was a very nice quiet woman, who sat by the wall which bounded the playground of the Board school, and when Billy had warned Ted about the inspector, he meant the inspector of the Board school, who was very strict indeed, and who looked after the boys at times when they never thought he could see them; but he did.

Ted Waffles was rather inclined to be naughty, but Billy was a good-tempered, well-behaved lad, although his clothes were shabby and tore, and he had no coat.

He was in a printing-office, and was made to run errands for the men, and take out proofs of stories to the author if he lived near, and bring them back to be printed.

Sometimes Ted's love of joking led him into scrapes, and even into worse than scrapes, without his really meaning any harm. Such an incident happened when he tried to "have a lark," as he said, with "Old Mother Apples."

The old woman was a widow, and never offended anyone. Every morning she used to go with her stall and her box of apples to take her place under the wall, where she remained until the evening, when her son, who had a donkey and a barrow, came to fetch her.

Little Ted, as I have told you, had quite made up his mind to play this poor old woman a trick; and I am sorry to tell you that his trick meant running off with some apples.

He thought it would be good fun to take some, forgetting that if he took what did not belong to him it would be stealing.

But he did not think about stealing as you little folks do, no doubt. He wanted the apples, and had not been well taught yet. So he said—

"I will take 'Mother Apples' 'pippins for fun!"

But it wasn't any fun for him as it turned out.

Ted did not mind what Billy said, and Bill, with a nod, went back to his printing office, where he got very dirty and greasy every day.

When he had turned the corner Ted crept very quietly along and came up behind "Mother Apples," who was sitting very quietly on the box which held more apples, and her dinner was wrapped up in a cloth.

Would you like to know what her dinner was? It was a piece of sausage and a crust of bread, with a slice of cheese. She perhaps ate an apple for dessert and she had in an old medicine bottle some tea, which she drank with her dinner. He had half-holiday that day and was full of mischief, so just as the old woman was quietly eating her sausage, and in the act of drinking a little tea out of the bottle, Teddy came behind her and gave her a push, and she nearly fell on her face, choking and coughing!

That is what he thought "fun." The poor old woman nearly choked herself, and while she was coughing and spluttering—looking very queer, and perhaps funny, to Teddy—he darted up seized three apples from the stall, and ran off, laughing at the trick he had played.

You will think that she was very angry, and indeed she was. She had tricks played on her before by Master Ted and his friends, but she had not called in the police or the inspector. She had an idea of her own, and what that was you will see in a few moments.

Teddy Waffles thought he had done a very clever thing in upsetting the old woman and taking her apples. He had only done a very unkind and wicked thing, and had got three nice-looking apples.

So they were, for "Old Mother Apples" had suspected Master Teddy, and she had put those apples and some others of the same kind in a tempting place on purpose, so that Ted might be punished.

Of course Teddy did not know this. He was very happy with Bobby Trott, and they ate the apples together, laughing at the old woman.

But after they had eaten the apples they began to wish they had not, and Bobby said—

"I told you those apples were sour didn't I?"

"Yes, you did; but her apples are always good; and—oh dear!" cried Teddy, "there must have been something in them apples, Bobby!"

"I suspect there is," said Bobby. "Let us go and ask her all about it."

"No, I won't," said Teddy. "I will go home."

He went home, and his mother thought him ill. He was in pain all night, and when Billy came home he asked Teddy what was the matter.

Teddy told him and Billy was very sorry.

"Serves you right, Ted," he replied. "What business had you to steal those apples?"

"I didn't steal them," said Ted; "I only took them."

"Stole them, you mean," interrupted Billy. "It serves you right. I suspect 'Old Mother Apple' has played you a trick instead of you playing her one."

"What am I to do, Billy?" cried little Teddy.

"Go and beg her pardon," said his brother. "She will forgive you, you may be sure, particularly as you have been taken in."

"I can't go myself," whispered poor Teddy.

"I will go with you then," said Billy. "Go to sleep now, for I must be up early."

The brothers slept in a tiny room together: a poor place enough. Bill was soon asleep, but Teddy kept awake for a long while.

At length he fell asleep like Billy and forgot all his troubles until he was awakened the next morning by Bill, who was dressing in his old greasy garments to go to work again.

"Mind you meet me at twelve o'clock, Ted. I will be at the corner of the wall, and we will see 'Old Mother Apples' together.

Ted couldn't go to school that morning. He felt he could not go; and the inspector came the next day, which frightened him. But at twelve Teddy slunk out very much ashamed of himself, and met his brother Billy, as he had said.

"Now come along quick," said Billy.

They found "Old Mother Apples" seated on her box as usual, and when she saw the boys coming she laughed to herself.

They came up and Billy said boldly—

"We've come to beg your pardon, mimus for Ted's stealing your apples."

"Ah!" said the old woman; "the police may be after him for all I can tell."

"Oh no!" cried poor Teddy. "I am sorry I did it. I only meant a bit of fun, and I am sorry."

"You're lookin' ill," said the apple-woman. "Didn't they agree with you?"

"No," whispered Teddy, "they didn't."

"You didn't take the right ones, then," she said. "You took the rough ones—the cider kind of apple, which my son sells sometimes, but which I put there for show; I'm sorry for you. You'll never steal apples again!"

"No, I promise you I won't," sobbed little Teddy.

"Well then, I think you have been punished enough," said the old woman; "here is a nice cherry-cheeked apple for you for nothing. You must promise to be a good boy in the future."

Teddy, with his finger in his mouth, and looking very foolish, promised to be very good.

Teddy kept his word, and never played any more tricks on the old apple woman. Billy laughed at him very much, but Ted and the old woman were great friends after this and he always behaved himself well in after day. He is now a soldier, and Billy is high up in the printing-office, a very useful and hard-working young man.

FOR RAINY DAYS.

BY C. L. M.

I MIGHT have headed this "Indoor Work," but when work is as enjoyable as that which I have in mind, it is an amusement, the very gathering of materials for which is all pleasure, for they are to be found in every country hedge, or are brought to our very feet by the waves coming and going with treasures from the garden of the sea.

Almost everything about us can be utilised in some fashion, from the weed to the feather which cook discards so lightly, little concerning herself about its beauties or uses.

We will not, however, waste this lovely thing so, but tell how out of two carefully chosen bird's wings you can make a handsome feather hand-screen for the home drawing-room.

Provide yourself with a large board and some weights, some strips of cardboard, and bits of wire.

Then proceed to cut, with a sharp-pointed pair of scissors, through the skin on the inside of a wing in the direction of the bones. This skin is now to be turned carefully back from the shoulder to the second joint; but the bones composing the part above that are so small, and the skin adheres so closely to them, that it is necessary to detach them at the first joint, and remove them with the flesh, peppering the openings well.

The skins are then to be placed flat on the board, stretched out straight with the weights upon them, and left to dry for a day or two.

When thoroughly dry, not before, place the straight edges of both wings in close contact, and sew the skins together, as far as the second joint.

If these skins should be very thin it will be necessary to enclose a thin strip either of wood, cardboard, or wire in the place of the extracted bone.

This will not only keep the screen extended, but serve also as a firm substance to which the thin gilt handle (one may be bought at any fancy shop) can be fixed. The seam and the place where the handle is firmly inserted and glued may be neatly concealed on either side by a star of gold paper, a tie, silk tassel, ribbon, bow, or rosette.

But the really best finish is either the breast or a circular, oval, or lozenge-shaped group of selected small feathers, from the head or breast of the bird to which the wings have belonged.

Do not forget to pepper where you have to do with any skin.

Of the large quill feathers of the game, or any other bird, can be made a pretty spills pot as a present for smoking friends.

Having sorted and cut the feathers of one size procure a slender tumbler or tinned pot.

Fit to this two bands of cardboard, and connect these by short strips of card. Then over this lay your feathers, standing each carefully to slightly overlap the last. A little glue will keep all in place.

Lastly, a feather whirligig for the little ones.—When made this should be very light, and the brighter the downy feathers the more pleasure it will give, as children love variety.

The stand is first made of a slip of wood about two feet long for centre, and three-inch cross-slips, either four or six for top and bottom, projecting at angles of about six inches.

The bodies of the birds are made of any light pithy wood, each having two holes bored in it—one through which the wire can pass, not too freely, and one into which the feathers can be stuck and glued [illegible].

Three or four of the birds must be threaded on each wire. Each bird is to have an inch of straw between it and the next, to prevent them slipping all of a heap on each other.

The wire thread should be of a very fine and smooth kind tied very fast—tight and "taut," as a sailor would say, on which the birds may flutter up and down.

And now for "yellow sands."

One of the handiest things for those who collect sea-side curiosities in these half-tide pools is a small hand-net, which any young folk can make, requiring only a ball of very fine twine, or thick thread, enough to form the ring—though a stiff strip of osier will do for that—and a cane, long and slim, with which to reach our treasures otherwise unattainable.

The centre is made by first netting four stitches, then eight, then on, with a rather larger mesh, to perhaps thirty or forty stitches, according to the sized net required, making it to fit tight over the ring when pulled quite straight at the top, this ring being fastened into the cane by heating the two ends red, and pushing them into the cane, winding round it a small wire or piece of twine twisted tightly about and fastened securely and neatly, as all such things should be done, both for appearance and use.

Seaweeds are as local too as bluebells or heath, some loving the sunny, some the shady, side of a rock.

For preserving, the best time for collectors is perhaps the morning, when there is usually earlier leisure for attending to the tangled prizes, which you should do as soon as possible, or they will be useless.

The best specimens will usually be found anchored fast in the many shallow pools left by the retreating tide. You must be careful how you unloose their clinging tendrils from the rocks to which they have attached themselves by their numerous "discs," for these marine plants have no real roots, and no real hold, except what they can secure for themselves, though in many cases they are difficult enough to detach, unless with a small hammer you can snip off a bit of the stone with them—often the best and quickest way, though it requires practice.

Supposing now that out of these tide pools you have brought green and red delights, as much as you could manage to reach or dip out.

If it is very low water mark you will find the huge "oar weed" firmly anchored. I should call it "laminaria," because its discs are split up very like the fingers of a large spreading hand.

I don't advise you to press a specimen of this monster, but the lads may care to know that its strong coarse stem is to be utilised in the the making of handles for pocket knives or tools.

If the tang of the knife blade is driven or pressed into a bit of this stem held endwise while soft, it will, if set aside for some weeks, dry, holding the blade immovable, and presenting the appearance of dark stag-horn.

A little metal plate can be riveted to the end to add to its neatness and strength.

On reaching home have ready squares of stout fine paper, to which as a rule you will find the "weeds" adhere of their own accord.

If you find any difficulty, boil some common Irish moss, which will hold them fast and not attract insects. Then, having well washed your weed, place a square of paper in a dish of fresh water, and carefully spread out the plant on it with a camel-hair brush, in as free and natural a position as you can—a needle mounted in a match is useful to disentangle it.

Then raise the paper to a slanting position, and leave it to drain for a few minutes. Next, place it on some blotting-paper, and lay over it smooth muslin or old linen, and over that, more blotting paper and a board with a weight a-top, this blotting-paper and board to be removed and dried every day.

You will soon see which of the specimens are ready to be trimmed and placed in your album with dates and whereabouts of finding.

A photograph of the place at which you are staying will look very pretty framed in these smaller sprays artistically arranged and pressed on the mount.

And now for the green lanes and for the woodland treasures of leaf and spray and [illegible].

Having collected plenty of pretty rustic twigs, linchen, and bits of mossy bark, nothing is more easy than to make, for yourself and friends, a picturesque window-case, for which during fine outdoor rambles we can provide roots of the choicest woodland greenery.

These roots being planted at once, deep down in their native mould and kept moist and in a shady place, will presently thrive and take root in the most gratifying manner; though if your rustic fern stand is to be a lasting joy, it should be filled with equal parts of light loamy soil and peat, about a third part of silver sand and half a pound of broken charcoal to every fourteen pounds of the mixture. Fill in lightly on a rough bottom of broken stones.

An old packing box sawn down will do as a basis of operations. If you have not that much you can easily fashion a rough one with five pieces of wood, or get one hammered together by some handy man. All you must attend to is that it be thoroughly nailed, not glued, and that the boards be pretty thick especially the bottom one.

It is a very good plan, if practicable to have two boxes made—one to plant in, and a stouter one in which to stand it, but only just a size larger, to form a sort of shell to this; or making a pretty ornament in itself by being filled with pots of flowers at season when the ferns are too withered and shabby-looking to be decoration or company in a room.

Having cut your dry twigs and branches of one length, quite an inch longer than the height of the box, you must fasten them on one side with the aid of long French nails and fine wire, take care that each is fast-fixed in its place, then hiding both wire and nail-heads by means of little rough knobs and cones placed there apparently by chance.

A pretty variety can be made in these fern window-boxes, by covering them only with flattened bark and almost hiding that with split cones, the halves arranged in a scroll, star, or other pattern.

When these window-boxes are very thoroughly seasoned and dried they can be varnished, and will then keep unchanged for years.

To do this effectually they must first be washed over twice with common size, and afterwards painted with a double coating of oak varnish.

I have seen some touched up with bronze powder before this varnish was applied. The last are very effective, though I like them best in their rustic stage, just as they are easiest to make.

THE GEESE AND THE DONKEY.—A snow-white gander and his gray goose-wife were proudly strutting one fine day at the head of their large family, all busily engaged in plucking grass on the common.

Presently a donkey who was in search of the thistles amongst which grew the furze, happened to come across the noisy tribe.

"Just look at that foolish donkey!" said the old mother-goose to her brood. "He is eating those nasty prickly thistles, when he might eat this tender, juicy, delicious young grass."

"Everyone to their taste, ma'am," said the donkey to her, quietly going on with his dinner.

"How dare you contradict my wife!" hissed the angry gander.

"I didn't contradict her," retorted the donkey. "What did she jeer at me then for?"

Upon this the enraged gander hissed and hissed terribly.

"What a fuss about nothing!" said the donkey. And then he set up a tremendous braying.

"Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! What a horrible noise!" screamed the geese. And they all of them waddled away, frightened out of their wits.

The geese, you see, preferred the grass to the thistles; the donkey, the thistles to grass. The donkey thought the cackle of the geese ridiculous, ad the geese thought the bray of the donkey horrible.

How very careful then all of us should be not to be harsh on the peculiarities of others, remembering that we have so many of our own.

WHY AND WHEREFORE.—A [illegible] Sunday-school worker living in Kansas was once asked to talk it is said to the children of a Sunday-school on the subject of temperance. He is very earnest in the cause, and wears a bit of blue ribbon as a badge of his principles.

Rising before the school, he pointed to his bit of blue ribbon and said: "Now, can any of you children give me a reason why I am not a drunkard?"

There was no reply for a moment; then a childish little voice in the rear of the room piped out:

"'Cause this is a Prohibition town."

TRUE purity of taste is a quality of the mind; it is a feeling which can with little difficulty be acquired by the refinement of intelligence; whereas purity of manners is the result of wise habits in which all the interests of the soul are mingled and in harmony with the progress of intelligence. That is why the harmony of good taste and of good manners is more common than the existence of taste without manners, or of manners without taste.

CONCEALING ONE'S AGE.—The infirmity of falsifying our age is at least as old as Cicero, who, hearing one of his contemporaries attempting to make himself ten years younger than he really was, dryly observed—"Then at the time you and I were at school together you were not born."

BENEATH THE SEA.

BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

One morn I stood beside the sea,
The waves were rising mountain high,
And in their grandeur seemed to me
To dash their foam against the sky.

The ocean's restless monotone
Recalled the scenes of other years;
For I had walked life's path alone,
With only recompense of tears.

Full more than twenty years before
A good ship sailed away from sight,
And I had parted on the shore
From one, who was my star of light.

My lover brave, my lover true—
Whose words woke chords of music sweet—
Had sailed among that gallant crew,
And thus my life was incomplete.

With hope supreme I waited long,
And prayed that Heaven wo'd guard and bless:
But echo of the mermaid's song
Was all that answered my distress.

Ah! cruel fate, how could it be!—
There came this message from a friend:
"Your lover sleeps beneath the sea,
But loved you fondly to the end."

A FEW FLOWERS.

The "firstling of the infant year" is undoubtedly the snowdrop. There is, or used to be, a popular belief that it ought to be in bloom by the 2d of February; but, in an ordinary year, this can hardly be the case, and then only under exceptional circumstances of culture or of situation.

The idea itself is traceable to the times before the Reformation. The inhabitants of the conventual establishments of those days had, among the employments of their leisure hours amused themselves in constructing a sort of floral calendar. According to this, some special flower was considered appropriate, and assigned to each day in the year; while many were looked upon as sacred to certain personages.

The snowdrop was dedicated to the Virgin, and the day which was ascribed to it in the calendar was the Feast of Candlemas or Purification—otherwise the 2d of February. It was consequently much cultivated in the gardens attached to the convents and monasteries, whence, in the natural order of things, it would pass to those of the rich, and thence to those of the peasants and cottagers.

There is a legend connected with it. It states that "one day after the Fall, Eve stood in Paradise lamenting the barrenness of the earth, which no longer produced vegetation, and where no flowers grew. An angel, pitying her sad condition, exposed as she was to the blinding snow which was falling at the time, came down to the earth to try and console her. He listened to her complaints; and being moved with pity for so much grief, took in his hand a flake of the snow, and, breathing upon it, bade it take the form of a flower and bud and blow. He at the same time added that the little blossom should be a sign and a symbol to her that the winter was over, and that the sun and summer would soon return. Eve prized her new treasure greatly, and praised it more than all the flowers that formerly bloomed in Paradise. On raising her eyes to express her gratitude to the angel, he was nowhere to be seen; but on the place where he had stood was a snow-white ring, which she had no difficulty in recognizing as composed of snowdrops."

The well-known crocus can trace its descent to the very dawn of history. The Greeks, and after them the Romans, had an intense liking for the taste and scent of saffron, and consequently for the flower which produced it.

Classical literature is full of affectionate allusions to the crocus. Homer makes the couch of Juno "soft and close with dewy lotus, crocus, and hyacinth," a passage which is imitated by Milton in the fourth book of "Paradise Lost." Sophocles says that on the hill of Colonus "there burst into bloom, by the dew of heaven, the narcissus with its beauteous clusters, and the crocus with its golden ray."

Horace tells us that the stages of theatres were strewed with crocuses and other flowers; while Juvenal hopes that round the tombs of those guardians who have done their duty to their wards there may ever bloom "the fragrant crocus and a perpetual spring."

The chief interest of the crocus lies, however, in the fact of its connection with the saffron of commerce. Twice in the course of history this latter drug has enjoyed a popularity which seems strange to us—once under the Greeks and Romans, and again in Europe during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Saffron itself is nothing more than the dried stigmas of a certain purple crocus which blossoms in the autumn. It seems originally to be brought from the East. Its name in any case is Eastern, being, it is said, merely a change of the Arabic word *zahfaran*.

The Greeks and Romans, it is true, knew nothing of this name, but always used crocus for saffron. The undoubted fact, however, of its having, on its reappearance in Europe, been imported from the East, confirms the tradition or notion of its oriental origin.

It was, strangely enough, the scent that formed its chief attraction for the ancients. They regarded it as the most delicious of perfumes, and endeavored to introduce it on every possible occasion. The floors of their halls and mansions, as also of their theatres, were strewed with it; and Pliny in one place recommends that the saffron should be bruised, in order the better to diffuse its fragrance.

Its flavor was also greatly appreciated; and one author says that "in the oldest work on Cookery which has been handed down to us, and which is ascribed to Apicius, it appears that saffron was as much employed in seasoning dishes as for a perfume."

With the overthrow, however, of the Roman empire, the taste for saffron, and even the plant itself, became lost. As to the precise period of its re-introduction into Europe, there is some little obscurity.

An old story runs that "a pilgrim, proposing to do good to his country, stole a head of saffron, and hid the same in his palmer's staff, which he had made hollow before on purpose, and so he brought this root into the realm with venture of his life; for, if he had been taken, by the law of the country whence it came, he had died for the fact."

Unfortunately, we have the same story or legend, with regard to the introduction of silkworms' eggs, and the probability in each case is that the account is untrue.

It was soon popular as a perfume, and as a seasoning for various dishes; also as a dye. Above all, it was popular for medicinal purposes. The physicians of the time seem to have looked upon it as a veritable elixir of life. They ascribed to it every possible virtue under the sun. As an accompaniment to cookery, it was much used during Lent, its medicinal properties being supposed to counteract the effects of the spare diet of the season.

By the sixteenth century, saffron had become a highly important article of commerce, while its high price rendered it a favorite article of adulteration. The taste for saffron has only entirely died out within the limits of the present century.

Grains of Gold.

Life cannot subsist in society but by reciprocal concessions.

The first business of the philosopher is to part with self-conceit.

Here is the egotist's code: everything for himself, nothing for others.

Lose not thy own for want of asking for it; it will get thee no thanks.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder, and that craves wary walking.

Reason is, as it were, a light to lighten our steps and guide us through the journey of life.

Is it not in philosophy as in love? The more we have of it, and the less we talk about it the better.

Philanthropy, like charity, must begin at home. From this centre our sympathies may extend in an ever-widening circle.

For the bow cannot possibly stand always bent, nor can human nature or human frailty subsist without some lawful recreation.

For so remarkably perverse is the nature of man that he despises whoever courts him and admires whoever will not bend before him.

Seldom do we talk of ourselves with success. If I condemn myself, more is believed than is expressed; if I praise myself, much less.

The authority of reason is far stronger than that of a master; for he who disobeys the one is unhappy, but he who disobeys the other is a fool.

The way to subject all things to thyself is to subject thyself to reason; thou shalt govern many, if reason govern thee. Would'st thou be crowned the monarch of a little world? command thyself.

Femininities.

How goodness heightens beauty!

There are fifteen female prisoners in New York jails for life.

To remove grease spots from silk rub them with brown paper.

A new song is called, "My Mother's Hand." It is said to be a very feeling piece.

A Chicago woman recently registered in a hotel register: "Mrs. Blank, knee Blink."

With the wind of tribulation God separates, in the floor of the soul, the chaff from the corn.

An old lady 90 years old eloped with an inmate of the Old Men's Home at Watervleit, N. Y., recently.

Forbearance and self-control smooth the road of life, and open many ways which would otherwise remain closed.

It is a sad fact that a homely woman stands no chance against a pretty girl of getting a seat in a crowded street car.

There are two kinds of window curtains—the self-rolling kind that won't stay down, and the kind raised with a string, that won't stay up.

The old story. Hopeful youth: "Is Miss De Cash in?" Servant: "Yis, sor." "Is she engaged?" "Yis, sor; but he isn't here this avenin'. Come in."

Young mother, to butcher: "I have brought my little baby, Mr. Bullwinkle. Will you kindly weigh him?" Butcher: "Yes, ma'am; bones an' all, I s'pose?"

Proverbs of women: "Women and maidens must be praised, whether truly or falsely"—German. "Every woman would rather be handsome than good"—Italian.

Chief Justice Jones, of Washington Territory, has given a decision that the Territorial Legislature overstepped its power in conferring the right of suffrage upon women.

Man is awfully smart in some things, but nobody has ever discovered one that could jam a hair-pin through his head and make it come out on the other side, as the women do.

"What can be worse," said an exasperated husband in the middle of the night, "than a teething baby?" "You are, John, when you have the toothache," his wife responded.

Husband, to wife who is writing a letter: "Do you want me to mail that letter for you, my dear?" Wife: "No, John, I won't keep you waiting. I'm only on the first postscript."

Babies are remembered by the silver smiths, who make for their use a little silver implement in the shape of a snow-plow, to take the place of fingers in taking food from the plate.

In England there are 347 female blacksmiths, not blacksmiths in the sense of owning and running smithies merely, but actual swingers of the hammer and manipulators of the bellows.

Wife, carelessly: "What's that fire alarm ringing for?" Husband, freshly. "For a fire, of course." Wife, calmly: "Well, what do you suppose it wants with a fire such a day as this?"

Everybody will be glad to know how to make the blacking that hardware dealers put on stoves. It is simply black varnish dissolved in turpentine and mixed with any ordinary good stove polish.

Home dressmakers often have difficulty in draping a skirt because they cannot tell how the folds will fall. If they will place one chair on the top of another, and put the dress over the two, they will see the effect of the various folds perfectly.

An old-fashioned but very good remedy for a cold on the chest is linseed-tea, sweetened with honey, and more than flavored with lemon-juice. A still more old-fashioned but wonderfully efficacious remedy is horehound-tea, sweetened with honey.

How many Empresses does the world contain at present? A Paris paper gives a list of living imperial ladies as follows: There are in Germany, 3; Russia, 1; England, 2 (Victoria and Eugenie); Austria, 1; Brazil, 1; Belgium, 1 (Charlotte of Mexico); China, 1; Japan 1 (Aron-Ko). Total, 11.

An English writer declares that the custom of pairing off guests at dinner arose in the middle ages, when there was only a single plate and drinking cup for each couple, and that while the man cut up the meat the woman put the pieces in his mouth, and they both drank from the same cup.

A Georgia girl aroused the whole household, screaming and declaring that some one had kissed her while she was asleep. Her father rushed in, with a pistol in one hand and a candle in the other, when the intruder was discovered in the shape of the damsel's pet kitten, nestling behind her pillow.

How many women are born too finely organized in sense and soul for the highway they must walk with feet unshod! Life is adjusted to the wants of the stronger sex. There are plenty of torrents to be crossed in its journey; but their stepping-stones are measured by the stride of men, and not of women.

Very suggestive. Mary: "The butcher is here, ma'am; what shall I order?" Mrs. Morris Parke: "Dear me, I haven't thought. What can we have for dinner, Mary?" Mary, thoughtfully: "I don't know, ma'am." Mrs. M. P.: "Oh, can't you make a suggestion?" Mary, cheerfully: "I can try. What do you make it of?"

Queen Regent Christina, of Spain, is exceedingly superstitious and is a great believer in what is called Fate; she has, moreover, great faith in "affinities" and the influence of one person over another, for good or evil. She is convinced that it is possible for a person to magnetise another by a look, by touch or by desire.

The heroine of a story now running in a Southern paper is made to say: "I will do the washing this time, mother, for it is the greatest of delights to me." This is a wide departure from the realistic in fiction; in fact, it reaches the pinnacle of the ideal at a bound. As a work of the imagination the story will take high rank.

Masculinities.

Never try to outshine, but to please.

The town in Kansas most noted for divorce suits is named Concordia.

Buzzards almost devoured the body of a man sunstruck near Gainesville, Texas.

A Saratoga dame comes out all red one day, all blue the second, black the third, and so on.

One girl chooses a husband while another girl chews gum. And the latter girl may be the happier of the two.

"How fond Charley Roberts is of his father! He fairly worships him." "Yes; he takes after his father in that respect."

What hypocrites we seem to be whenever we talk of ourselves! Our words sound so humble, while our hearts are so proud.

Minnesota women want a law to compel a chap to announce his intentions within four weeks after paying his visit to a girl.

Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding, by experience; the most ignorant, by necessity; and beasts, by nature.

Why are some ladies the very opposite of their mirrors? Because the latter reflect without talking, and the former talk without reflecting.

Probably there is nothing in the world that a man resents so quickly and so deeply as to find you awfully busy when he is perfectly at leisure.

The oldest pupil now attending school in the United States is past the age of 50. He is Crazy Head, a former chief of the Crow Nation, and is enrolled as a pupil of the Carlisle Indian School.

These wise words are from a Western paper: "The young woman who advertises for a husband is continually coming to grief. She never experiences any trouble in getting the husband. All the trouble comes afterward."

The late Rev. Joshua Yeager, of Allentown, and his father together served one congregation continuously for 96 years; but Rev. Hassaman Herman and his son, at Kutztown, Berks county, served one congregation for 106 years.

A reporter saw a novel sight in a country store recently, where a farmer actually refused to buy his wife a calico dress because he couldn't afford the expense, but before he left the store invested half a dollar in cigars for himself.

A Sunday school teacher was explaining the parable of the ten virgins to her class, who were mostly boys. When she had finished she asked: "Now, why were five of them foolish?" "Because they didn't get married," said one of the boys.

Miss. Travis: "Mr. Poseyboy, may I ask how many sisters you have?" Poseyboy: "Eleven." "Good gracious, Mr. Poseyboy! It can't be possible!" "Why, yes, Miss Travis! There's my own sister and ten other girls who have promised to be sisters to me."

A British Museum officer, tired to death of the questions put by the visiting public, burst out the other day in answer to the query, "Why is the Museum closed?" with the remark, "Because one of the mummies is dead, and the officers are attending the funeral."

"Young man," he said sonorously, "are you ever abroad in the early morning when the great orb of day rises in all his majestic and brilliant glory?" "Well—er—yes, sir, sometimes," replied the young man; "but I generally try to get to bed earlier than that."

President Carnot, of France, has been placed in a curious dilemma. He was taught the handicraft of a carpenter in his youth, and the striking carpenters of Paris have written to him complaining that he has not attended their meetings nor subscribed to their fund.

An English spirit medium claims to have paid a visit to the planet Mars. She says that the inhabitants of that planet are great engineers, that they are of large, powerful physique, and that the men are very handsome. Being a woman, she does not appear to have noticed what kind of women there are in Mars.

"I'll take your caramels and gum drops, Mr. Peduncle," said Willie, candidly, as he pocketed the confectionery given to him by the young man, "but I'll tell you right now that Irene isn't at home and isn't going to be, either, unless Mr. Hankinson comes. She told the girl so herself five minutes ago. I heard her."

"Papa," said a beautiful girl, "young Mr. Down has written me a note in which he asks me to be his wife." "Written you a note! Why in thunder didn't he come himself?" "It would have been pleasanter that way no doubt, papa, but I suppose he feels a little timid, and besides, papa, think how much more binding the note is."

"Isn't that beautiful?" said a young traveling man to Mrs. De Porque, as the orchestra finished playing the "Marseillaise." "There is something so sublime and soul-stirring about that grand old air!" "Yes," responded Mrs. De Porque, languidly. "But you should have been with me in Paris, and heard it played in French."

A horrible crime has been committed near Clermont-Ferrand, France. A woman, in a fit of jealousy, drowned her three children. The crime originated in a quarrel with her husband. She struck him with a hatchet, and he ran out of the house, pursued by her. Enraged because he did not return home, she threw her three little children into the river.

Mr. Jones: "When I see Mrs. J. in the yard, both arms as red as a boiled lobster, bared to the elbow and stretched high above her in her struggle with an unruly sheet, an apron over her head, her hair in her eyes and a clothes-pin protruding from her mouth, it seems impossible that she is one and the same with the Miss Stebbins I used to feed on peppermints, and about whom I used to rave so."

She had gently refused him, and as he turned to go she said: "I am very sorry, Mr. Arbuckle, but some day you may learn to love one more worthy of you perhaps than I, and as you go to the gate be careful of the dog." "Careful of the dog!" he repeated bitterly, and he crushed his hat down over his eyes. "I've been too careful of him already, and if he crosses my path to-night I'll kill him!"

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Cassell's Family Magazine for September will be sure to give full pleasure to the home circle, for the excellent variety of its matter, and the profusion and beauty of its pictures. The frontispiece is an exquisite illustration of a poem contributed by Edward Oxenford, entitled "Grandmother's Mission." The Family Doctor discusses the "Ventilation and Health" question in an able, sensible and readable manner. Frederick J. Crowest contributes an interesting paper on "Folk-Music," illustrated with musical scores. A new serial is commenced in this number by Thomas Keyworthy, author of "A Treacherous Calm," entitled "Comrades Once." It gives promise of being a powerful story. There are good short stories, the ever welcome fashion letters, and a "Gatherer" filled with practical information. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

The *Magazine of American History* for September is a rich and instructive number. "Marietta, Ohio, 1788-1888," by the editor, gives a romantic account of the foundation of civil government beyond the Ohio river, and introduces many of the heroes of the wilderness. Governor St. Clair's portrait is the frontispiece of the number. Dr. Cyrus Thomas writes of "Indian Tribes in Prehistoric Times," and Col. Jones, the Georgia historian, of the "Declaration of Independence in Georgia." Dr. J. Harris Patton writes on "Reconstruction." Prosper Bender tells of "Canada's Financial and Business Condition." Lieutenant-Governor Robertson, of Indiana, writes of the "Relation of the Constitution and the Ordinance of 1787 to Education." An English view of "The River Ohio," written in 1757, will be read with much interest. The shorter articles include an "Escape from a Burning Prairie," "Invention of the Ruling Machine," and "George Washington as a Dancer." The magazine maintains its high standing in every respect, and it is difficult to see how it could be improved upon as a medium for the dissemination of truthful history and good literature. 743 Broadway, New York.

The Forum for September, with the avowed purpose of this monthly to let both sides be heard through its pages, has a review of the Republican National Platform from a Democratic point of view, by Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky. The Marquis of Lorne contributes a study of the Government of the United States, the result of his observation while he was Governor General of Canada. The third of the series of economic articles, which convey the latest investigations of Edward Atkinson into the condition of American capital and labor, is the most attractive that he has yet written. Rev. Dr. Munger, perhaps the leading Congregational preacher in New England, points out the benefits that religion has received from the death of many superstitions caused by the scientific spirit of the time. There are seven other articles on such subjects as "Social Discontent," "The Effect of High Explosives in Changing the Methods of War," "The Management of Railways," "The Public Schools," and "The Increase of the Alcohol Habit." This number is a brilliant opening of the sixth volume of *The Forum*. The Forum C., New York.

The September number of *Lippincott's Magazine* makes an interesting departure in the publication of "Herod and Mariamne," a tragedy, by Amelie Rives, the brilliant young authoress who has set all America talking. "Herod and Mariamne" is based upon the story of Herod the Great as told by Josephus. Edgar Fawcett says some judicious things in his critical essay, "More Words on Amelie Rives." An article by William Shepard on "Famous Hoaxes" is full of curious and amusing stories. Charles Morris, in "The Temperance Reform Movement," discusses a timely question with full knowledge and in an entertaining manner. Tourgee's series of short stories, "With Gauge & Swallow," is continued. A great deal of valuable and interesting information is contained in the answers to a dozen of the "Prize Questions" lately propounded to the magazine readers. Curtis Hall and Langdon Elwyn Mitchell contribute short poems. The old departments maintain their interest, while a new department, "Every Day's Record," which gives a succinct yet adequate account of the several events that have made memorial each day in the month, is excellent in performance and full of promise for the future. Lippincott & Co., publishers.

WANTED TO LOOK WELL.—It seems to be the ambition of all young wives to look well when anyone calls. A young bride heard a ring at the door. The maid was out, and she rushed up-stairs to "tidy" a little before admitting the caller. There was a moment of lightning work before the dressing-table, a ribbon was fastened at her throat, a flower stapped into her hair, a dash of powder on her face, and she was at the door—all smiles and blushes. The gentleman said he had the cheapest clothes-props that could be bought for the money.

A SINGLE shad produces 100,000 eggs, and only about 5 000 are hatched naturally. By the artificial method 98,000 are successfully hatched.

Pozzoni's Complexion Powder is universally known and everywhere esteemed as the only Powder that will improve the complexion, eradicate tan, freckles, and all skin diseases.

MRS. GRUNDY.

IT is related of one of the Spanish kings of the sixteenth century that he had altogether an unrivalled reverence for the Mrs. Grundy of his day. The strictest ceremonial observances have always been exacted by Spanish monarchs from their courtiers, but this particular king was more exacting than any of his race.

Everything had to be done according to form; and thus it happened that his Majesty was visiting a palace which was in course of construction, he preferred to incur considerable physical inconvenience and pain rather than allow the regulations of his Court to be broken through.

While he was being lowered in a kind of cage from one floor to another, something went wrong with the tackle, and the monarch found himself suspended in mid-air.

He was a young and active man and doubtless without much difficulty he might have climbed out. But to climb would have been too undignified. Or he might have been lifted down by someone let down from above. But there were few Court officials who dared to lay hands on the King of Spain, and none of them happened to be near.

The upshot of the affair was that the monarch grilled for two or three hours in the broiling southern sun until the engineers could make the machinery work and so relieve him!

Spanish history and legend supply many other illustrations of the fact that the terrible old creature whom we call Mrs. Grundy caused her influence to be felt long before Morton introduced her as an unseen but ever present character in his play of "Speed the Plough," and thus made her name and nature public property.

She is a tutelary divinity—not of propriety. Everyone hates Mrs. Grundy; yet half the world trembles before her, and makes all kinds of painful and expensive in hopes of propitiating her.

A queen of Spain, in her progress through country entered a town which was famous for its manufacture of hosiery. Would her Majesty graciously condescend to receive from the burgesses an illuminated address, together with a few choice specimens of the local industry?

The queen assented, and at the city gate the ceremony took place. The chief magistrate read the address and then signed for some one to bring forward the specimens of the local industry.

The Court Marshal and Lord High Steward had quite forgotten what the local industry was; and when they saw a display of splendid silk stockings of the finest texture they absolutely shuddered at the profanity.

As for her Majesty she turned aside indignantly and made way for one of her secretaries to step forward and whisper hurriedly to the chief magistrate—

"My dear sir, what are you dreaming of? A queen of Spain has no legs!"

The poor alcalde was extinguished. Mrs. Grundy had crushed him as she often since crushed other innocent and well meaning people. His chances for royal favor had for ever vanished.

But one need not go abroad, or even to past times in order to find signs of Mrs. Grundy, her doings and her opinions. She is now in the heyday of her powers here and there are a very few of us who do not feel her tyranny.

In the matters of dress she is particularly exasperating. It is she who insists that men shall, on certain occasions, wear silk hats, and that if they do not do so, they shall be anathema.

I may safely say that there is no man in existence who feels perfectly comfortable and happy with a tall silk hat on; yet Mrs. Grundy—whom no one has ever seen—is stronger than all the men in the country, and manages to enforce her ideas.

It is she who prevents women from dressing according to health, convenience, and common sense, and who is, I verily believe immediately responsible for the extravagance of the present generation of young matrons and marriageable maids.

And when you seriously offend her, how ferocious and inexorable she is. Even a King Cophetua cannot nowadays marry the beggar maid Penelopen with impunity.

Mrs. Grundy has been powerful enough to spoil the happiness of several royal loves, and many less distinguished existences. It is well known that the late Emperor William of Germany, when Prince William of Prussia was very anxious to marry a certain beautiful girl of noble but not royal rank.

Mrs. Grundy spoke to the Prince's father. "This won't do," she said. "It will lower your family. Don't permit it," and it was not permitted.

Indeed, Mrs. Grundy is very fond of objecting to all kinds of things which are quite innocent, and which, one might think, concerns nobody but the persons who do them.

She sees, for example, two young people taking a quiet stroll together along a country lane in the moonlight, she at once calls at every house in the village and whispers cruel things about the young woman, indignant things about the young man and sarcastic things about the young woman's parents for knowingly allowing such goings on.

Now it doesn't follow that because two unmarried, or even unengaged people choose to walk together in the moonlight, any harm is being done. Here is a case in point. Perhaps it will teach some people to be less eager to listen to Mrs. Grundy's malicious and very often unreasonable tongue.

A gentleman, who had a young wife, was frequently from home for a few days at a time.

On one occasion when he was absent a strange gentleman call upon the wife. In the evening he was seen walking about the garden with his arm around her waist. Later he departed. The village gossips saw the two in the garden, and held up their hands with astonishment.

They went further. Then spread abroad scandalous reports about the young wife; and when the husband returned these reached his ears. He made inquiries and traced the rumors to their origin, prosecuted five persons, including a curate and a doctor, for slander, and recovered damages from each.

The visitor was the wife's father! When, therefore, Mrs. Grundy whispers unkind things about other people, just bear in mind that if you repeat them and are found guilty of slander, you, and not she, will have to pay the bill.

ODD WEDDING RINGS.—An African explorer, has recently described a strange custom among the Bayansi who live for many miles along the upper Congo. Brass rods, which are the favorite costume in the country, are welded in great rings around the necks of the wives. Says the explorer:

Frequently one sees a poor woman whose neck is raw and sore under the heavy weight, and in places the skin is rubbed off by the ring.

This is a sure sign that the ring has been recently welded around the neck, for after a time the skin becomes calloused, and then the strange ornament produces no abrasion. But the weight is an inconvenience; they never get used to it and it is perpetual tax up their energies.

In every crowd of women may be seen a number who are supporting the ring with their hands and thus for a time relieving their weary shoulders from the burden. It may be said that with every movement of their bodies the rings give them discomfort.

A ring is never put around a woman's neck until she has attained her full physical developement. Once on it is no easy matter to get it off. The natives have no such thing as a file, and, though they can hammer a lot of brass rods into one, it is very difficult for them to cut the thick mass of metal in two.

Women who increase largely in flesh after the rings have been fastened on their necks are in danger of strangling to death, and instances of this sort have been known to occur.

Yet these women regard the cumbrous ornaments with pride, imagine that it enhances their importance and beauty, and wear the burden with light hearts. Brass is the money of the country, and by putting it around their wives' necks the men are pretty certain that it won't be stolen or foolishly expended. But it is an odd and cruel sort of a saving bank.

THE LATEST.—A certain artist who was fond of going about in out-of-the-way quarters of the world, left ship on the Central America coast with a party of comrades to explore the wilderness.

During a cruise of several months the entire ship's company—and a merry crew they were—had devoted their odd hours to sing to a parrot. The sailors also had lost no opportunities and taught the bird all the seafaring lingo.

When the artist and the exploring comrades had bidden the bird and the sailors good-bye they plunged into the heart of the forest. After twenty-eight miles of mortal effort they reached their camping place for the night.

Just as the sun was going down they were startled to hear, in the primeval silence, a familiar voice calling down from the top of a tall palm—

"Avast there, ye sons of seacooks; yo heave ho!"

It was the parrot. But before they could recover their startled senses, the faithful bird, having prepared this unexpected treat for its chums of the voyage, fluttered down to the top a of dead stump near by, and with a shrill call summoned thousands of the little green paroquets of the country.

It is said 11,000 of them were counted as they circled around the gray African oracle on the stump, and finally took their places on the ground in rank upon rank and row upon row.

The explorers looked on in dumb amazement. When the feathered assemblage became quiet, the ship's parrot gave the signal, and to the inextinguishable laughter of the travellers and the consternation of the rest of the tropical world, and the delight of the festive precentor, the whole 11 000 paroquets with one mighty song, burst forth into the familiar words of "Nancy Lee."

A THOUGHTFUL HOUSEWIFE:—They had returned from their honeymoon, and were looking about for a house in which to settle down. At length, after much "house hunting," Edwin thinks he has got hold of "just the thing," and is dilating upon its various merits. "Surely," exclaims Angelina—"surely you don't think of taking a house so far out of town! Just think what an appetite our friends will get when they come to see us after such a long walk!"

AN indiscreet young man once asked a lady her age. "Wait while I count it," she replied. "I married at eighteen; my husband was then thirty. Now he is twice that—then I must be thirty-six.—"Is it possible?" ejaculated the other, aghast at this method of feminine computation. "Well, I should never have dreamed it!"

THE HEART'S MECHANISM.

In the human subject the average rapidity of the cardiac pulsation of an adult male is about seventy beats per minute. These beats are more frequent as a rule in young children and in women, there are variations within certain limits in particular persons owing to peculiarities of organization.

It would not necessarily be an abnormal sign to find in some particular individuals the habitual frequency of the heart's action from sixty to sixty-five or from seventy-five to eighty per minute. As a rule, the heart's action is slower and more powerful in muscular organization, and more rapid and feebler in those of slighter form.

In animals the range is from twenty-five to forty-five in the cold-blooded and fifty upwards in the warm blooded animal except in case of a horse, which has a very slow heart beat, only forty strokes to the minute.

The pulsations of men and all animals differ with the sea level also. The work of a healthy human heart has been shown to equal the feat of raising five tons four hundred weight one foot per hour, or 125 tons in twenty-fours hours. The excess of this work under alcohol in varying quantities is often very great.

A curious calculation has been made giving the work of the heart in mileage, Presuming that the blood was thrown out of the heart at each pulsation in the proportion of sixty-nine strokes per minute, and at the assumed force of nine feet, the mileage of the blood through the body might be taken at .207 miles per minute, 7 miles per hour, 168 miles per day, 61,220 miles per year or 5,150,880 miles is a lifetime of 84 years. The number of beats of the heart in the same long life would reach to the grand total of 2,859,770,000.

TRUE FRIENDS.—Trust no friend if you have not proved him; and they are oftener found at the banqueting table than at the door of the prison.

A man had three friends; two of whom he loved greatly; to the third he was indifferent, although this one was the most honored and sincere. He was once summoned before the tribunal, where, although innocent, he was harshly accused.

"Who of you," he said, "will go with me and testify for me, for I am harshly accused, and the judge is angry with me."

The first of his friends at once excused himself, and said that he could not go with him on account of other business. The second accompained him to the door of the court-house, and turned and went back, for he was afraid of the angry judge.

The third, upon whom he had least depended, went in with him and spoke in his defence, and testified so readily to his innocence that the judge dismissed him with rich gifts.

Man has three friends in this world. How do they conduct themselves at the hour of death, when heaven summons the soul before its tribunal? Money, his dearest friend, leaves him first and does not go with him. His relatives and friends attend him to the door of the grave, and return again to their homes.

The third, whom he oftenest forgets is his works of benevolence; these alone accompany him to the throne of the Judge; they go before, speak in his defence, and find mercy and favor for him.

AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT.—"You advertised for an expert accountant sir?"

"Yes, I did; have you had much experience?"

"About thirty years, sir; in long and tangled interest and partnership accounts, confused Government books, bankrupt accounts, companies' accounts, and——"

"Well, here; what I want you to do is this: here is my wife's shopping list for one day. There are about twenty-five items; see what she bought, how much she paid for it, and what the total amount is."

But the accountant hesitated, shook his head, and said that his only brother died in an insane asylum for undertaking just such a matter, and he therefore couldn't touch it.

MISCHIEF.—It is not calumny nor treachery that does the largest sum of mischief in the world; they are continually crushed, and are felt only in being conquered. But is is the glistening and softly-spoken lie; the amiable fallacy; the patriotic lie of the historian, the provident lie of the politician, the zealous lie of the partisan, the merciful lie of the friend, and the careless lie of each man to himself, that casts that black mystery over humanity, through which every man who pierces we thank, as we would thank one who dug through a well in a desert."

MOTHER—"Daughter, didn't I hear Mr. Jenkins kiss you last night when he went away?" Daughter—"Yes, mamma; but it was against my will." Mother—"What was?" Daughter—"Your hearing it, mamma."

LOG CABINS are neither fashionable nor in demand, but they were more comfortable and more healthy than are many modern dwellings. Warner's Log Cabin Hops & Buchu is a reproduction of one of the best of the simple remedies with which Log Cabin dwellers of old days kept themselves well. Did you ever try "Tippecanoe"?

Humorous.

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

I met her first on Cape May sands,
Her hair a mass of golden strands,
Her eyes as blue as heaven above,
And hopelessly I fell in love.

Again we met upon the shore,
Again I learned to love the more,
And after that each day we met,
And each vowed each would ne'er forget.

At last the week drew near its close,
And I decided to propose.
We lingered still upon the pier,
"My husband's boat," said she is here."

"Excuse me if I leave you thus—
My husband might kick up a fuss."
"By all means, love," was my refrain,
"My wife comes here by the next train."

—U. N. None.

Gamblers work card for a living.

Shear nonsense—Clipping a horse.

Absolutely false—A set of artificial teeth.

Whisky is expensive—it costs a man dollars and sense.

Sleeping-car porters generally give a fat man a wide berth.

A household that has a baby has no need of an alarm clock.

An essay on marriage—A young man popping the question.

Birds are not noted for courage, but many of them die game.

What can pass before the sun without making a shadow?—The wind.

When is a lamp in a window like a tombstone?—When it is set up for a late husband.

Fortunately for the self-esteem of the rest of mankind, doctors are not half as wise as they look.

The man who buys a cheap watch generally gets a good deal of time for a very little money.

Politics makes strange bedfellows. And the bedfellows do not sleep. They lie awake, watching one another.

"But I will not linger upon this point," as the Irish member said when he sat down upon his wife's darning needle.

"I will now disguise myself so that even my most intimate acquaintance will not recognize me," said a tramp, as he entered the free bath.

Ancient Greek coins have been discovered with the figure of a horse on them. We are glad to learn at last where horse cents originated.

"Will the coming man be happier?" asks a dealer in future events. It depends a good deal on whether his wife has got tired and gone to bed or is sitting up for him.

There are 856,000,000 heathen in the world. It is no wonder that the man who chips in a nickel when the collection box is passed around occasionally feels depressed and discouraged.

Boston footpad, sternly, yet with dignity: "Elevate the manipulatory extremities of your arms! Remain in statu quo! (To confederate)—Rinaldo, institute an exhaustive exploration of the receptacles in this gentleman's personal habiliments."

Organist: "As your party marches down the aisle I will play some impressive march." Prospective bridegroom: "That's good; but be particular about the key." Organist: "Oh, certainly! I invariably play wedding marches in B-flat; two flats seem so appropriate."

Bobby has reluctantly kissed his sister good-night and was off for bed. "Don't you go to bed rather early, Bobby?" inquired young Mr. Sampson, "it's but a little after 8." "I have to go to bed early on the nights you call on sister," explained Bobby; "she makes me."

The tippler who wished that he was a giraffe, because he would then have a neck so long that the pleasure of drinking would necessarily be lengthened, should be satisfied to let well enough alone. He might have been a camel, that is often compelled to go a week without a drink.

A correspondent tells the following: "I have a brother—a wee chap—who sometimes says things very odd. One day, as he was disposing of some bread and milk, he turned around to his mother and said, "O, mother, I'm full of glory! There was a sunbeam on my spoon, and I swallowed it."

"I see that canaries are the favorite birds in your saloon," said a customer to a barkeeper, as he pointed to several cages hanging over the bar. "That's where you make a mistake," said the drink dispenser. "Why, what, then, are the most popular birds here?" "Swallows!" replied the gin-mill juggler.

A Kentuckian was sick in the hospital with fever. "Will you give me something to drink?" he asked faintly of the nurse. "Certainly, sir," said the nurse, offering him a glass of water. He put up his hands feebly. "Give it to me in a teaspoon, please," he whispered huskily, "till I get used to it."

Countryman, to celebrated Hindoo snake charmer: "I s'pose you know a good deal about snakes, mister?" Hindoo snake charmer: "Snakes, sir, have been the study of my eventful life. I know all about them." "The hull business?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I wish you'd tell a feller where the body leaves off and the tail begins."

An exchange says that "the simplest pocket rule is the silver he can find within his purse. A quarter-dollar piece measures nearly an inch, a half-dollar about one inch and a quarter, and a dollar one inch and a half." The paper gives no rule, however, for obtaining the $1.75, which, perhaps, is not so simple as the rest of the recipe.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

It has been remarked that there are six "ifs," by any one of which a stranger may know a man and a woman to be husband and wife. These rules, it is said, are infallible in just interpretation. They may be resorted to with confidence, as they are deduced from every-day experience.

1. If you see a gentleman and lady disagree upon trifling occasions, or correcting each other in company, you may be sure they have tied the matrimonial noose.

2. If you see a silent pair in a hackney or any other coach lolling carelessly, one at each window, without seeming to know they have a companion, the sign infallible.

3. If you see a lady drop her glove, and a gentleman by the side of her kindly telling her to pick it up, you need not hesitate in forming your opinion, or,

4. If you see a lady presenting a gentleman with anything carelessly, her head inclined another way, and speaking to him with indifference; or,

5. If you meet a couple in the fields, the gentleman twenty yards in advance of the lady, who perhaps is getting over a stile with difficulty, or picking her way through a muddy path; or,

6. If you see a gentleman particularly courteous, obliging and good-natured, relaxing into smiles, saying smart things to every pretty woman in the room excepting one, to whom he appears particularly reserved, cold and formal, and is unreasonably cross—who that one is nobody can be at a loss to discover.

A Russian Peasant.—A Russian peasant house is a very rude structure, and contains none of the elements of comfort, healthfulness, or cleanliness. Frequently the stables are under the same roof with the tenant. His allowance of furniture, food, and clothing being fixed by his landlord, he lives scantily. The building is usually pine or cedar logs, about ten inches in diameter, barked and set neatly together.

It is of one story in height, with one room; it generally has three or four windows, with one sash in each, and they are protected from the outside by rude board shutters, which when closed at night make complete darkness within, and ventilation miserable. The floors are of logs or earth, and the beds are on the floor.

There are no stoves in a peasant's house. A stick and clay chimney fireplace suffices. Here warmth is secured, and the food is cooked in kettles. The family meal is spread on the floor, and the repast is partaken of while sitting on folded legs, tailor style. In front of many of these houses, which are covered with hay and poles—a rough sort of thatch—the traveler frequently sees a drosky from the city, the vehicle of the landlord, who pays daily visits.

They went and proved it.—A statesman was once in conversation with a few friends as to what course ought to be adopted with regard to misrepresentation in the press, and a friend said to him:

"The obvious course is not to take notice of what is said of you in the papers. People will find you out in time if you do not contradict any of these things."

"Well," said the statesman, heaving a deep sigh, "that was the course I once pursued. I entered on public life with a resolution that, whatever the press might say of me, I would take no notice of it. For years I persevered, till at last my friends came to me and said, 'There is an accusation in one paper of such an unutterably villainous kind that you owe it to yourself and to your supporters to contradict it.'"

The statesman felt that in this case an exception must be made. He contradicted the report, as he informed the friends to whom he was recounting his experiences.

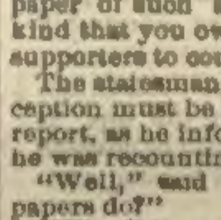
"Well," said one, "and what did the papers do?"

"Why," the statesman answered, "why they went and proved it, the villains."

Professional Study.—First beggar: "Why didn't you tackle that lady. She might have given you something." Second beggar: "I let her go because I understand my business better than you do. I never ask a woman for anything when she is alone; but when two women are together you can get money from both, because each one is afraid the other will think her stingy if she refuses. Our profession has to be studied just like any other if you expect to make it a success."

An Unfounded Rumor.—A small boy was detected by a stingy farmer on one of his cherry trees. The farmer made the boy come down, and talked very seriously to him about the sinfulness of stealing. The boy answered indignantly:

"Now you just count them cherries over again if you please, and see if there is one of 'em missing before you insinuate that I took it."



Warner's Log Cabin Remedies.—"Sarsaparilla,"—"Cough and Consumption Remedy,"—"Hops and Buchu,"—"Extract,"—"Hair Tonic,"—"Liver Pills,"—"Plasters," (Porous-Electrical), "Rose Cream," for Catarrh. They are, like Warner's "Tippecanoe," the simple, effective remedies of the old Log Cabin days.

Dust Particles.—A scientist who has plenty of spare time on his hands declares that a cubic inch of air in a room contains 30,318,000 particles of dust, and they contain all kinds of deadly things which injure the lungs and other delicate portions of the interior department. This shows how great a risk a man runs when he indulges in the prevalent fashion of breathing. It has got to be, according to scientists, about as much as man's life is worth to breathe, but there are persons who will continue to do it or die in the attempt.

His First Line of Defence.—"Mother writes that she will be here to-morrow for a short visit, my dear."

"Very well," he replied; and as he left the house he patted his little boy on the head, "Bobby, didn't you ask me to buy you a tin whistle and a drum the other day?"

"Yes, Pa."

"Well, I will bring them to you to-night."

"The ideal What do you mean by desiring to marry that young De Blank?" the father said. "I mean that I love him," the daughter said. "I cannot see what any girl can see in him to admire. You are no judge of character, no judge at all." "Perhaps no. Mother says I take after her in that respect; so there now."

True repentance consists in the heart being broken for sin, and being broken from sin. Some often repent, yet never reform; they resemble a man traveling in a dangerous path, who frequently starts and stops but never turns back.

The effect of every burden laid down is to leave us relieved; and when the soul has laid down that of its faults at the feet of God, it feels as though it had wings.

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Fruit of Loom Muslin, cambric ruffle on neck and sleeves, 75c.
Muslin, with Hamburg edge yoke, 50 and 55c.
Fine Cambric, with Torchon lace yoke, 65c.

Skirts:
Fruit of Loom Muslin, with hem and tucks, 40c.
Muslin, with Hamburg ruffle, 75c.
Muslin, with Hamburg ruffle (the $1 25 kind), $1.
Muslin, with blind embroidered ruffle, 95c.
Muslin, with wide embroidered ruffle, $1.25.
Special bargains in Skirts, with fine embroidered ruffles, $1.50 $2.50, $3, and $3 75.

Dressing Sacks:
Lawn, with tucks and ruffles, 45c, were 75c.
Lawn, with Hamburg trimming, 65c, were $1.
Lawn, with Hamburg trimming, 85c, were $1.25.

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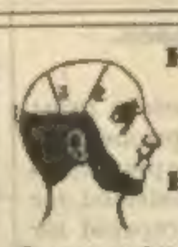

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Mrs. De Sausure will be at her residence, as above, after September 1st, where she will be pleased to meet the parents of pupils who wish to apply for membership of her family.

Meanwhile she may be addressed care of Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. De Sausure cites, by permission, the following

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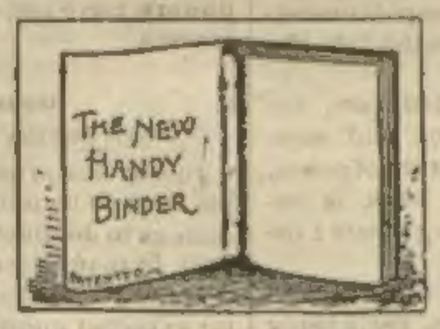

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Latest Fashion Phases.

At fashionable sea-side resorts a great deal of white cloth is worn for promenade. The material, beautiful and expensive as it is, would hardly have been selected for sea-side wear. One costume prepared for a young lady under twenty years of age, has a graceful tunic of white cloth, very long and elegantly draped, the edge being pinked out all around over a band and panel of slate-gray velvet. The corsage is pleated, with pinked-out fronts over a velvet plastron embroidered with steel spangles. Around the waist is a broad velvet belt spangled with steel.

Less easily soiled than this is the pier costume of gray French serge and moire to match. The skirt is of moire edged with a thick Empire ruche. The redingote if of serge, the two panels edged with silver and grey silk passementerie. Around the neck is a kind of pointed yoke and collar of passementerie, the fronts being square and resting on the pleats of a gray moire plastron terminating in a point at the waist.

The fronts of the redingote meet at the waist beneath a passementerie clasp. A breadth of pleated moire fills in the open skirts of the redingote at the back. The lovely toilette is finished with a large Tosca hat of gray straw edged with silver braid and trimmed with pinked feathers.

The Theodora tunics are becoming very fashionable; they are a straight breadth of material in front falling from the neck to edge of the skirt, just held at the waist by a passementerie belt, the openwork ends of which fall in front like a girdle.

Mdme. Sarah Bernhardt also brought in the tight sleeves buttoning all the way and becoming full at the shoulder. It is a very elegant style of sleeve.

White cloth is mingled with white sollienne or bengaline for dressy countryhouse toilettes. The plain skirt, of white cloth is edged with Bulgarian embroidery, a peplum drapery being arranged on it of sollienne, caught up on each side to the waist, the ends then left free and falling into a kind of draped and coquille panel. At the back a straight pleated breadth is usually worn, of cloth. The Pinafore tunic with draped shoulder straps and pleated front is very elegant, made of white bengaline over an embroidered under-dress of white cloth.

Skirts are becoming more clinging every day. Steels are totally abolished, and the dimensions of the cushion are much diminished.

There is every sign to show that as the Autumn advances the Directoire redingote will become more and more fashionable. They are certainly very becoming to a fine figure, and if the characteristic revers are not too exaggerated, they are elegant in extreme. They are being utilized as country dinner toilettes.

One model has a plain skirt of white faille, with full redingote skirts concealing it except in front, these redingote skirts being a red faille, gauged into a Directoire corsage of gray faille, which is open nearly to the waist, and then is double-breasted, forming a rounded-off point in front.

The open front is filled in with a plain plastron of white faille, the fronts being edged with Directoire revers of white faille, ornamented where they touch the plastron with two small gray pleats to relieve the expanse of white.

A delicious dinner dress for a young lady has a skirt of white lace finely pleated. Over this is a polonaise a la Josephine crossing from the right shoulder to the left hip in an elegant draped tablier.

The left front is of pleated lace, the polonaise being of striped pink and sage-green bengaline. The sleeves are of pekin, the collar being of lace. The back is entirely of pekin, the skirts being pleated below the waist.

A second model is very original and beautiful. It is of white voile, parts being entirely covered with splendid Turkish embroidery worked in gold. The skirt is white moire, over which falls a slightly draped tablier of voile cut in large teeth points at the edge, these points being a mass of embroidery, falling on the moire. The corsage is very finely pleated made of voile, a corselet of gold passementerie encircling the body nearly to the armpits.

The collar is very original; it is a high upright collar, covered with a pleated voile band, one pleated end lapping over and falling in free pleats. The sleeves to the elbow are a full loose puff, beneath being light under-sleeves of the embroidery. At the back is a wide voile puff elaborately and gracefully draped.

A charming hat is of manilla straw, flat-crowned, the brim turned up at the back and turned up slightly in front. The hat is worn well over the face. The straw is a pale beige in color, the brim being lined with bouillonne shell-pink surah. A drapery of surah and a band of green ribbon encircle the crown, in front being bow of green ribbon mixed with ivy and mignonette.

An outcome of the Directoire styles daily gaining ground is the lace boa. It consists of a wide scarf of lace, wide enough to pass around the neck, the long ends hanging in front nearly to the ground. The ends are drawn into tassels points usually, edged either with a lace frill or jet pendant. It is an excellent wrap for cooler days at the sea-side or in the country to wear over cotton or any light dress.

For half-mourning, lingerie is being trimmed with black lace. The effect is very pretty, but the style can be hardly be recommended to ladies who have no maid to take charge of their wardrobe, for the black lace will have to be taken off and sown on again each time the garment is washed. White camoric handkerchiefs are very elegantly bordered with black lace.

Handkerchiefs are cut with deep teeth point at the edge, embroidered all around with button-hole stitch in colored cotton. A border is embroidered all around above the teeth point, a spray of the flowers descending into each point. It is charmingly pretty. A wreath of flowers also surrounds the embroidered monogram.

White baptiste handkerchiefs are printed and embroidered in various colors. One, cut into small teeth points, is worked at the edge in pink cotton, above being a broad border of pink horseshoes printed on the hem. A second example has a double border in red, in the corner being a group of tennis rackets and balls, also printed in red. A very pretty white handkerchief has a broad scalloped border in pale blue, embroidered in white at the edge.

At intervals large boquets are embroidered in white cotton, half of each boquet being on the border, the upper part being on the white handkerchief.

One, all in white, has a broad hem scalloped and worked at the edge, a flounce of valenciennes lace being sown beneath the teeth points. Another is edged with a broad double border in color, the centre being finely striped with the same color. The full Christian name is embroidered in one corner.

The petticoat of nainsook, with flounce cut with lace insertion is imperative with white and very pale dresses, but otherwise the taffetas petticoat has quite ousted the white petticoat.

A petticoat of old-pink surah is trimmed with two black lace flounces some distance apart, each flounce being headed by fine small tucks in the surah. This is a very good model. A second is of shot pink and green pekin taffetas with pink stripes. At the edge is a black lace flounce, with gauged heading decorated with pink or green bows at intervals. Great taste is expended in dimming taffetas petticoats.

Next to the en-tout-cas of silk, the favorite sunshade is the vaporous arrangement of pleated tulle or flowered gauze, ornamented with flowers or ribbons.

One model, of pleated white tulle, is ornamented at the top with a boquet of marguerites and long loops of white ribbon the two long ends drooping over the sunshade and secured at the edge with a bunch of marguerites in graceful festoon. The handle is of white lacquered wood. The floral sunshades, entirely covered with flowers, have not, on a whole, been a great success.

Odds and Ends.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATIONS.

Just at this present time of the year people seem to be much taken up with yearly outings to do much in the decorative way. Still, in many houses, large or small, hired or otherwise, preparations are being made for expected guests, and little hints of novelties are acceptable. Also, in country districts, the bazaar season is only beginning, so smaller novelties, easily made; and salable are also appreciated, there is a growing spirit of industry in rural districts as well as in the cities, fanned by the local exhibitions of art and industry that one hears of in so many directions.

Among the exhibits at one or two local shows have been specimens of mosaic work, or, as it is sometimes called china inlaying, of some ingenuity.

The pieces consist of atoms of broken crockery, of all kinds and colors, arranged in designs, neatly fitted in, and all the interstices filled in with a cement, which the workers make themselves, composed of honey and gum.

Some stands for tea and coffee pots, urns, tiles for decorating mantlepieces, photograph frames, square flower pots, and window boxes were rendered most effective by the introduction of pieces of the greeny-blue, so-called Japanese ware that is now so general, and which had been picked out of a heap of rubbish, as a broken jar, by the worker.

The usual mode of working is to draw a design on paper and lay it on the table, face upwards, with a sheet of glass over it so that the design shows through. The pieces of brown crocks, white crocks, white and colored china, etc., are first broken into a rough shape by a very sharp little chopper such as dentists use, and then fitted in, with the glazed side outwards, on the glass, so that the work is really done the wrong side upwards.

The filling up is done at the last, and the work put aside to harden. When quite firm and hard, the glass is carefully taken off, and the mosaic turned upwards in its finished state. For boys, cripples or elderly people, whose bent of mind is slow, and who have patience and preserverance, the work is capital. Everything done with it must of course be flat. Stars and many good real mosaic designs may be carried out.

In September fires are supposed to be hardly in request, and all sorts of devices are resorted to to render the empty grate ornamental.

The handless Japanese parasols is not quite out of fashion, and this year it may be seen with a gathered frill of some pretty fancy art muslin tied around the ferule, with ribbon, with the length of the same muslin carried down each rib and tied at the point with bows of ribbon. The ribbon can be leaf-green, crimson, greeny-blue, or any color that goes with the general color of the room, and the muslin correspond to a certain extent.

For any special occasion long ferns and real flowers can be substituted. Large painted tambourines, fixed on to easels are perhaps the latest novelties. Both have scarves entwined around or massed at the top, or the tambourine is sometimes surrounded by deep ball worsted fringe of many colors, two lengths being joined around the base to form a depth of from six to eight inches.

The easels are high enough to reach the fireplace. They, with palette attached, all ready for painting, can be bought now at the artist's colormen's shops in several sizes. They are called firestoves or grate ornaments. Sometimes the palette and easels are painted one color (with the oil paint), and the former has a small, rather deep tin trough fixed on to the back at some distance from the edge, and another painted to match the palette fixed in front close to the edge. Into these two troughs, real flowers, tendrils, and ivy are put, and allowed to stray over the surface, the upper tin having the ivy, etc., coming over the edge and falling over the front.

Other palettes are painted florally, or with birds or some fancy scene. These stands are also used for table ornaments, for hanging miniatures and small knick-knacks on, the easel being painted and the palette covered with velvet and small gold hooks and nails. They are admirably adapted thus for displaying little odds and also very decorative. A looped soft silken scarf looks well as a finish on the top. If preferred the whole thing could be covered with velvet, which any neat handed amateur could do.

Among the newest chair-back covers those of soft silk, with pinked edges or with two narrow pleatings of pinked silk all around are popular. They are arranged Russian fashion. Also a length of art muslin is gathered up with fulness or a bow, at the top or back of chair, spread out, and carried down the back and over the seat. Fancy bellows now have ribbon carried from the handle to the point, beginning and ending in bows, carried all down the edges and kept in place by a small piano tack knocked in here and there.

Bags of rich looking brocade with the necks slightly turned back and lined with a different satin are often seen around pots of flowers on a table, and tied around with thick cord and tassels.

In hand screens there are some in the shape of a large heart of rushes plaited like hats or bonnets.

WHILE a friendly sparring match between brickyard hands was in progress on a hotel balcony, at Marlborough, near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., an acquaintance of one of the participants appeared, and thinking the men were fighting in earnest, struck his friend's opponent, knocking him to the rocks, thirty feet below. The fall broke the man's spine and he died the next morning.

Confidential Correspondents.

RUBBER.—Rubber can be dissolved in warm turpentine, or ether free from alcohol.

TWO OF A KIND.—A signature made by the mark X and duly witnessed is a legal signature and requires no guarantee.

JOHNNIE.—Galopade is an old-fashioned dancing term. The galopade proper was something like a quick waltz; there was also a galopade quadrille; but both the dances are things of the past now.

INQUIRER.—It is all a matter of fancy; rings are not usually worn on the forefinger. There is no particular meaning attached to such a whim. It is not in good taste to load the hands with rings.

DISAPPOINTED.—Perhaps your painting has been hung in too warm a place or too close to the gas. Some paintings are irretrievably damaged by being hung over the fireplace in winter, the heat of the chimney cracking the surface.

BESIDE.—The "previous question" is a rule of order adopted to govern the proceedings of any deliberative assembly when called for by the member provided for in the rules of order. All debate cases until a decision is arrived at as to whether the "previous question" shall be put.

BLUE AND GRAY.—In 1868, while General Logan was Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, he ordered that the different Posts should decorate the graves of the soldiers on May 30. Shortly after his order that day was decided upon as a national holiday, and has since been known as "Decoration Day."

OLD S.—The author of the words "Lo! The poor Indian, etc.," was Alexander Pope, and English Poet of the last century. 2. The story of Barbara has reference to the late war. 3. O Sanctissima is Latin, and simply means O Most Holy. It is a line of a hymn used in the Catholic Church in praise of The Virgin Mary. If "c" were omitted it would pass for Spanish.

DORA.—You appear to have brought your troubles pretty much upon yourself; if you neither answered the young man's letter, nor met him when you had given him to understand you would do so, you can hardly expect him to trouble himself much more about you. If you really care to heal the breach, which you have made yourself, your only way is to acknowledge your silly fault and make it up with him, if he is willing; if he is not, you can do nothing.

UNHAPPY.—It is a matter which no outsider can decide for you. We are inclined to think that your parents are in the right, and that the best thing for you to do would be to forget all about the young man. It is selfish of him to wish to marry you, and yet to ask you to keep your maiden name and your situation till he chooses to fetch you. He cannot have much real love for you, or he would not wish to leave you in such a disagreeable position—wife and no wife, as it were.

ANXIOUS.—You have been engaged to a shuffler. Those weak fellows who listen to objectionable stories are the most dangerous people in the world. When he heard a scandalous tale about you, was it not his duty as a lover and a man to speak to you at once and let you know your slanderer? Instead of that, he runs away like a coward and leaves you to fret your heart out in suspense. Then he returns and lays the blame on some one else; then he runs away again. Send him about his business, and do not be tempted to have anything more to do with him.

REX.—1. Eugenie, wife of Napoleon III. of France, was the daughter of Count Montijo, a grandee of Spain; her mother was descended from a Roman Catholic family of Scotland, who sought refuge in Spain after the fall of the Stuarts. 2. Two members of the Bonaparte family, uncles of Napoleon III., lived in the United States—Joseph Bonaparte, who came over about 1814 and resided at Point Breeze, near Philadelphia, and his youngest brother, Jerome, who married in 1803 Miss Elizabeth Patterson, the daughter of a Baltimore merchant. Their son was born in England, but died in Baltimore, leaving two sons, who both reside in this country.

ELMER.—There is no physical, natural, moral or religious reason why a man should not marry a woman two years his elder if they love each other, and other matters are satisfactory. The only objection to such a course in general, is that a woman in marriage ages quicker than a man, and that there is always a possibility, as the years go on, the husband's heart may prove faithless in favor of, or at least in thinking of, one with younger personal attractions. It is not creditable to the sex that this is so, but if you are sure of yourself, both for the present and future, there is no more reason for not marrying a woman who is your senior than there would be for not marrying one as young as yourself or younger; that is—there is no reason at all.

READER.—In morganatic marriages the regular ceremony is performed, except that the man takes the woman's left hand instead of her right. The word is very old in its meaning. The ancient Germans used to give to their wives, the day after the wedding, a certain limited portion of their estates. This was the morgen-gabe or the "morning-gift." In course of time it came to be that only inferior wives received the morgen-gabe. Then those inferior wives were wedded with inferior ceremonies known as the morgen-ehe; a woman so wedded was termed in law Latin morganatica; from this word we get our expression morganatic marriage. In modern times in such a marriage it is stipulated that neither the wife nor child she may have shall have the rank or inherit the property of the husband.

SMOKER.—The process is a tedious one, and if properly and carefully carried out, a genuine Meerschaum pipe can be colored in about two years' time, smoking three pipes a day, to ebony-blackness. At first you must smoke slowly and deliberately, as it does not do to make the pipe so hot that you cannot hold it in your hand. The process of coloring may be accelerated by removing the perforated bottom from the bottom of the bowl—and every pipe should be furnished with such a bottom—and saturating a little cotton or piece of sponge in perfumed sweet oil, putting it in the bowl just above the bore, and again replacing the bottom, so that the tobacco does not come in contact with the cotton or sponge. The oil assists the absorption of the poisonous oil distilled by the combustion of the tobacco, and facilitates the action of coloring the Meerschaum to the much-coveted blackness.